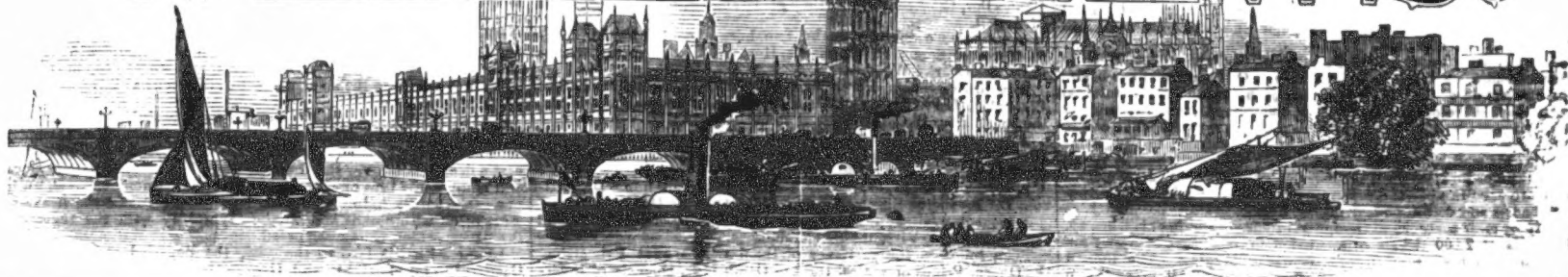


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PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G. (See page 322.)

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD PALMERSTON.

THE last earthly honours have been rendered by the English people to the great minister whom the hand of death has at length removed from us for ever. The remains of Lord Palmerston were on Friday, October 27th, consigned to their final resting-place in Westminster Abbey, with all the pomp and ceremony of a great public interment, an illustration of which we give in our first page. Her Majesty, through the appointment of an immediate representative, availed herself of the only opportunity in her power of participating in the solemn pageant; the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge testified by their personal presence their sense of the many services which the deceased nobleman rendered to the British Crown; diplomatists, Cabinet ministers, and members of both Houses of the Legislature, gathered again round all that remained of the great political chief; and the people in large masses, and through their elected officers, offered their last tribute of respect and affection to one of the most popular and fortunate statesmen England has ever known.

Lord Palmerston, as stated in our last, died at Brooklet Hall, in Hertfordshire, on Wednesday, the 18th of October, two days before the completion of the eighty-first year of his age. A brief interval then elapsed before it was finally determined that Westminster Abbey should be chosen as the place of his interment. The corpse was on Monday, the 23rd, removed for this purpose to Cambridge House, his well-known residence in London; and there it rested with little or no state until the ceremony of interment. Applications soon crowded in upon the representatives of his family from corporate bodies and distinguished private persons for permission to testify by their presence at the funeral their respect for his memory. Upwards of 2,000 tickets of admission to Westminster Abbey are said to have been used before Thursday evening. The limited accommodation which the church affords rendered it necessary to refuse a similar favour to a number of other petitioners; but the crowd which in one way or another took part in the ceremony comprised an array of rank, station, power, renown, and public services such as rarely accompanies to the narrow prison house the inmate forms of humanity.

The morning of the funeral broke softly and freshly, and even the faint first beams of the late autumnal sun came upon us as a welcome surprise after the heavy persistent deluge of rain which descended upon us throughout the whole of the day preceding. As the hours wore on the day kept the promise of the dawn, and the sun filled the heavens with a calm, pale light until shortly after two o'clock, when a dull, heavy shower, which continued to pour down for nearly half an hour, again chilled and saturated the earth and air. The procession to the Abbey had fortunately closed a short time previously, and, still more fortunately, the rest of the afternoon was dry, and the early portion of the night was almost unclouded.

Twelve o'clock was the hour announced for the departure of the procession from Cambridge House, and this arrangement was carried into effect with commendable punctuality.

Throughout the line there were a few houses here and there completely closed; and all the rest had portions of their front windows covered with shutters. The blinds in the mansions of many of the nobility and gentry were drawn close. These were, however, almost the only indications of mourning which the external aspects of the streets afforded. The Reform Club House presented the most sombre object in the entire district. A long black drapery, arranged by Mr. W. O. Garstin, of Welbeck-street, hung from the whole of the first floor; its central doorway was similarly dressed; and over the doorway was another mass of dark cloth, bearing in its centre the letter "P" surmounted by a viscount's coronet, and having underneath three wreaths of *immortelles*. The iron pillars on either side of the door were also covered with cloth, decorated spirally with black and white cord, and carrying a coronet. Brooke's Club, on the west side of St. James's-street, and "Boodle's," which almost directly faces it, were also darkly draped, although somewhat less heavily. The other clubs in the great club region were covered with no trappings of woe; and the principal change which we observed in the general appearance of the shops was that of Messrs. Banting, which adjoins "Boodle's," and which was, of course, marked with the handiwork of the undertaker. The Admiralty flag was hung half-mast high from their offices in Whitehall. Gwydyr House, which now affords accommodation to the Poor-law Board, and the long front of the Treasury on the opposite side of Whitehall had their doors closed, and the blinds of all their windows were drawn down. There were people assembled at many of the houses and clubs, but their numbers were not very considerable, and a grave decorum was the prevailing characteristic of the whole scene.

About eleven o'clock the Cabinet Ministers and the relatives of the deceased statesman began to assemble at Cambridge House. Among the first of the mourners who thus arrived were Sir Charles Wood, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Brand, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Cowper, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Cardwell, Earl Russell, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A little later the Duke of Cambridge drove up to and entered the mansion; and he was speedily followed by the Speaker of the House of Commons.

A detachment of the London Irish Volunteers had by this time arrived in Piccadilly, and had taken up their station on the south side of the road facing Cambridge House. A number of the Romney Volunteers and a company of forty sailors connected with the Trinity House were also drawn up either in the courtyard of the mansion or in the adjoining street.

A few minutes before half-past eleven o'clock the members of corporations who were to take part in the ceremonial began to move on from the neighbourhood of Apsley House, where they had formed into line, and at once proceeded to Westminster Abbey. The principal corporations thus represented were those of Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Salford, Dunstable, Dover Harbour, Stirling, Oxford, Sunderland, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Bradford, Macclesfield, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Southampton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Tiverton, Romney, Sandwich, and Hastings. With them came the selected members of the Trinity House Corporation, and of the corporation of the City of London, with the Lord Mayor as their chief.

At twelve o'clock precisely the hearse was drawn up in the courtyard, directly opposite the door of Cambridge House, and in a few minutes more the coffin containing the remains of the once powerful and brilliant minister, were placed upon the mournful carriage which was to convey him for ever from the famous home in which he had passed the last and most splendid days of his life. The hearse itself was of simple and yet elegant construction. It was drawn by six horses, and on each of its sides were introduced paintings of the arms of the noble viscount united with the arms of the British Crown, in virtue, we believe, of his position as a Knight of the Garter, the scroll beneath bearing the family motto "*Flecti non frangi*," which so singularly typifies the mingled strength of his character. Upon the driver's seat were the arms and motto of the Trinity House, with the crest of his lordship, and on the back of the hearse were wrought his crest and coronet. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet, studded with gilt nails.

The procession now began to form, and slowly made its way to the Abbey in the following order:—

Detachments of the London Irish Volunteers, of the Romney Volunteers, and of the sailors from the Trinity House.

THE BODY,

in hearse drawn by six horses with escutcheons.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing the Right Hon. William Cowper, the Rev. H. Sullivan, Admiral Sir William Bowles, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing Henry Hip-

psley, Esq., Rev. R. G. Baker, Mr. Lawrence Hippsley, Mr. William Hippsley.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing the Hon. Spencer Cowper, Earl Cowper, the Hon. Henry Cowper, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing Lord Ashley, Hon. Lionel Ashley, Hon. Cecil Ashley, Lord Jocelyn.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing the Hon. Frederick Jocelyn, Lord Sudley, Sir G. Shee, Mr. Charles Barrington.

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing the Treasurer of the Household (by command of her Majesty).

A mourning coach, drawn by four horses, containing H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, the Right Hon. the Speaker.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Russell, the Earl Granville, his Grace the Duke of Argyll.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing his Grace the Duke of Somerset, the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, the Right Hon. E. Cardwell.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, the Hon. H. Brand.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing Dr. Watson, Dr. Protheroe Smith, Mr. Paget, Dr. Charles Drage.

A mourning coach, drawn by two horses, containing members of the household of Viscount Palmerston.

Then followed the carriages of the late Viscount Palmerston, the Queen, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cambridge, Duchess of Inverness, and the carriages of all the foreign ambassadors and ministers representing their several countries in England, and also a large number of the carriages of the English nobility.

The solemn cortege slowly pursued its way down Piccadilly, along St. James's-street, Pall-mall, Charing-cross, Whitehall, and Parliament-street. The hearse reached the western gate, which is the main entrance to the Abbey, at seven minutes past one o'clock, and there the coffin—having been covered with a black pall bearing a white satin border, and emblazoned with the arms of the noble viscount—was removed into the interior of the sacred edifice. It was then followed by the chief mourners, by Viscount Bury, advancing alone as the representative of her Majesty; by the Duke of Cambridge, similarly unaccompanied, and by the various Cabinet ministers. Minute bells were tolled from the Abbey throughout the proceedings. The people assembled along the whole of the passage from Piccadilly conducted themselves with marked solemnity and propriety.

About a quarter to one o'clock the members of the various corporations which were represented arrived, and were conducted to the Sacristy, or Presbytery, east of the pulpit, and outside the altar rails; and strangely enough the red and blue gowns of the Mayors, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, contrasted with the occasion, and with the sombre garb of those present.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on their arrival at the Deanery were conducted to the choir, the Prince being assigned a seat on the right of the Dean on the south side of the choir screen gate, and the Commander-in-Chief to a stall on the left of the Sub-Dean on the north side.

Precisely at five minutes past one, the organ gave the signal that the procession was about to form; and, the body being removed from the hearse, the tolling of the Abbey bell ceased, and all was hushed into a reverent silence for an instant. Now were sung softly, sadly, slowly, Croft's funeral anthem, beginning, "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" and, as the deep-toned organ rolled, the sweet voices of the youthful chorists seemed to give to the concord of sweet sounds that subdued sense of hope, which the Burial Service of the Church so effectively brings before us. The procession as it entered the choir was composed as follows:—

Four Bedesmen of the Abbey.
Verge.
The Westminster Boys, in white surplices.
Verge.
Minor Canons.
Verge.
Canon.
The Sub-Dean.
Verge.
The Dean.
Feathers.

A Viscount's Coronet borne by a Groom of the Chamber, on a crimson velvet cushion.

THE COFFIN,

With the Pall-bearers.
The Chief Mourner.
The Rev. Henry Sullivan.
Monarchs, &c.

The Pall-bearers were in order, as named:—

The Lord Chancellor. The Earl Russell.
The Earl Granville. Sir Charles Wood.
The Duke of Argyll. Sir George Grey.
The Earl of Clarendon. The Duke of Somerset.
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Earl de Grey and Ripon.

The coffin was borne up to the bier and there deposited, the pall-bearers retaining their position on either side. Following the Westminster King's Scholars were two of the masters in surplice, stole, and hood; and following the mourners were some seventy or eighty of the junior members of the late Administration, as well as relatives of the deceased, and not a few of the statesmen of the great party which supported Lord Palmerston. These took their places in the choir-stalls and pews, and the undertakers' men arranged the rich black velvet and white silk pall, so as to show the foot of the crimson and gold coffin, and to display on each side the escutcheons of the Temple arms painted in their heraldic colours on a ground equally composed of black and white silk. The Ninetieth Psalm was sung to Purcell's Chant, and when the Gloria was ended the Rev. Lord John Thynne, Sub-Dean of the Abbey, read, in a clear and audible voice, the ever impressive Lesson of the Burial Office. And now the coffin was raised from the bier, the Cabinet ministers took their places at the side, the Groom of the Chambers walked in front with the coronet, the choir boys and men left their stalls and followed to the grave, the clergy came next, the Dean having on his right the Prince of Wales, attended by General Knollys and Major Tordale, and on his left the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt, these being preceded by her Majesty's representative, Viscount Bury, Comptroller to the Queen's Household. Hitherto the ceremony had been cold and dreary. But now, as the organ pealed forth Beethoven's "Funeral March," and as round the coffin laid by the side of the vault the mourners and friends—men distinguished in the arts of peace and in the arts of war—grouped themselves in unstudied fashion, the effect was, not grand, perhaps, but impressive, and certainly better than any other part of the service. The choir ranged with the clergy on the platform, sang, with an organ accompaniment, the sentences beginning, "Man that is born of a woman," to Croft's familiar music; and then the rich coffin was lowered to the earth, while Dr. Stanley read in a voice, the faintest utterance of which was heard at the extremity of the Abbey, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God." The choir sang, "I heard a voice," and the Dean read the remainder of the service. At the end of the collect, Handel's anthem, "His body is

buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore," was beautifully sung, and the service concluded with the Apostolic supplication for benediction.

Following the Dean, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge now left a small platform appropriated to their use, and took a last look at the coffin, which bore on a brass plate the inscription:—

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY JOHN TEMPLE,

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON,

K.G., C.O.B.

Born, Oct. 20th, 1784.

Died, Oct. 18th, 1865.

And the peers, members of parliament, foreign ministers, and private friends, who alone were permitted into the northern transept, looked into the grave and passed away. And as they left the transept those who had stood in the Posts' Corner were admitted through the choir to see the coffin, which was decorated with the star of the Garter and the grand cross of the Bath, above and below the inscription. And almost the last to leave the scene were some female relatives of Lord Palmerston, who had occupied a portion of the seating in the northern transept, and whose deep mourning added not a little to the solemn effect of the scene at this part of the grand old building.

Just as the group around the grave was dissolving, a black rain cloud passed over the face of the sky, which had all the forenoon been alternating between a smile and a tear. And as it passed it cast a deep gloom over the transept and the tomb, blending faces and monuments into one strange and not inharmonious mass, until one could hardly help the superstitious feeling that "the heavens were black with clouds and rain," in sympathy with the regret of the nation which they overpassed.

Lying with his feet to the east, the departed statesman has Calverley on his right hand, George Canning, his master, at his feet, and the Earl of Chatham on his left side. "The pilot who weathered the storm" is close by; the greatest chief of the party which in his latter days he joined, Charles James Fox, is near him; William Wilberforce, whose hatred of the African slave trade Palmerston inherited, is on one side; and Henry Grattan, whose impassioned periods he once listened to, sleeps within a few feet.

And now we have seen the last of this statesman, who was a link between us and times which are already fading away in the mist of ages.

For his own fame, he could not have died at a more fitting time. And people felt that it was so. There was decent mourning, but there was no profound grief. Men who had gone to the funeral of Clyde and to the funeral of Otrant, remembered that there down the cheeks of old comrades ran fast, blinding tears; but on this occasion even the mourners were comparatively calm, as remembering that "though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone." The years were brought to an end, and the tale was told. Even those who had lost a dear personal friend knew that it was time for him to go, and they consequently refrained from assuming an outward bitterness of sorrow, which every one knew could not be as deeply felt as though the dead had died younger. And in a vault lined with encaustic tiles, in front of Nollekens' monument to Lord Robert Manners, Captain William Bayne, and Captain William Blair, who fell two years before Palmerston was born, in the fight under Rodney, they laid the old statesman to his rest.

When the departing crowd, which found a dreaching rain as they reached the doors, had left only a few in the building listening to the final bars of the Dead March in "Saul," there came the feeling that all was over, that we had done our last duty to him who so long had done his duty to his country, and that now was there nothing left to us but the remains which the walls of St. Peter's Abbey will guard throughout time and the memory of the familiar form, of the pleasant face, of the friend-making manner, of the statesmanlike mind which have been to most of us since our childhood as familiar as are our nearest associates. And we came away, leaving the rich coffin with its honoured dust to the tradesman whom we must all employ—

"Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days."

THE REV. DR. CUMMING ON THE DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

On Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. Cumming addressed his congregation, among whom were seated Lord Alfred Paget and Lord Keane, at his church, Crown-court, Covent-garden, upon the death of Lord Palmerston. He said that through the courtesy of the dean he obtained a seat at Westminster Abbey on Friday last, and witnessed the burial of that great and good man, Lord Palmerston, who had played no small part in the history of the world during more than half a century, and who had at last departed in peace at the advanced age of eighty-one. It had been his (Dr. Cumming's) privilege to be in the company of that great man more than once, and no one could come in contact with him without being struck with his kindness, conciliation, and gentleness, as well as with the solemn sense he entertained of everything relating to true religion. He had the honour of meeting him once in private, and of then witnessing many of his estimable qualities. He remembered seeing him in the pews of that church, listening attentively and earnestly to the words of eternal life, and on retiring on one occasion his lordship said to the family in whose pew he sat, "A very useful and a very instructive sermon," a compliment which he (Dr. Cumming) prized very highly, because it came from one who was a consummate judge of the goodness of a discourse. The happy day in which his lordship presided at the funeral of one of the great Scottish nobles would not be forgotten. The Duke of Argyll, Dr. Stirling, and he (Dr. Cumming) were appointed on that occasion to meet Lord Palmerston on his arrival in the committee-room. When his lordship came those who knew him intimately received him with cordiality, and he returned their kindness in his usual agreeable manner. He (Dr. Cumming) did not wish to intrude himself, and stood a little apart from where his more intimate friends were greeting him, but he came up, shook him by the hand and said, "Dr. Cumming, have you forgotten me? Don't you know that I sit under you at church?" This term of "sitting under" a minister was generally used in Scotland, and here it was adopted by his lordship with all that kindness and humility which were traits in his character. Then, with all his usual bon homie and cheerful flow of spirits, he entered freely into conversation and gave full expression to his sentiments. Well, that great man had now fallen asleep.

THE MAORI SEAL.—Many of our readers are, we dare say, not aware that his dusky and serene highness Potatau the Second, in leaving his documents of state, affixed to them the royal seal of Maridom. We have just been shown the impression of it. The seal itself, when finished, was shown to us by the engraver some few months before the breaking out of the war in Waikato, when an explanation was afforded to us of the device it contained. It is considerably larger than the old-fashioned armorial seals, and is of oval form. The crest is a white storm, behind which appears the morning sun, and beneath it is a long wavy line, stretching across the top of the shield. The shield itself is supported by a mere on the one side and a club on the other, is quartered by a cross, having on the dexter side as quarters a hand holding a branch in the upper and a totoko tree in the lower quartering, on the sinister side a flag and a tanwha, or sea monster. The motto consists of the simple inscription, "Potatau, King."—*New Zealand Herald*.

Notes of the Week.

The announcement that the Dean of Westminster would preach at the Abbey on Sunday afternoon caused an immense congregation to assemble, in the expectation that the preacher would make special reference to the death of Lord Palmerston. Each of the Abbey doors was thronged for some time before it was opened, and the sacred edifice was so densely crowded that a large number of persons were unable to be admitted. The great gallery which had been erected in Post's Corner, for the accommodation of peers and members of parliament at the funeral on Friday had not been removed, and this was also filled. Amongst many distinguished persons present were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Houghton, Sir George Grey, and Sir Roderick Murchison. The Dean selected for his text the words, "See that ye walk circumspectly, redeeming the time, understanding what the will of the Lord is"—15th, 16th, and 17th verses, 5th chapter of the Ephesians.

A PASSENGER on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was killed on Saturday night in the following manner:—When the last train from Ludgate-hill was passing Battersa-park Station, a gentleman suddenly opened one of the carriage doors and stepped out. He fell under the train, and was torn and mangled in a shocking manner. Death must have been instantaneous. The body was cut in halves.

On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held at the House of Detention on Charles Gustaldi (alias Dubois, alias Durant), who, with another, had been committed from the Marlborough-street Police-court for the robbery at the Earl of Fife's and Lord Eldon's, and who was well known to the police as having been engaged in all the robberies at noblemen's houses in the metropolis for some time past. By the evidence of the officials it appeared that on Thursday week deceased was found within half an hour after an officer had visited him hanging from the window in his cell. From the examination made it appeared that deceased having made a noose in his handkerchief, had passed the other end of the handkerchief through it, thus forming a second and sliding noose, which he must have placed round his neck, and then mounting upon the stool provided for him to sit upon he had placed the free end of the kerchief, in which he had tied a knot, under the "hopper" or lid of the window, which is curiously shaped, presenting the appearance of a wedge, the lower end being sunk in the wall, and the upper end projecting into the cell, and having (as before stated) a lid to it. Then to prevent the flap from rising and freeing the handkerchief he jammed a wooden spoon between it and the stone-work into which the window had been let. Joel Morris, Bernard, of 19, White Lion-street, Shoreditch, said he visited deceased in prison as his legal adviser. On the occasion of his last visit he told him his case was hopeless, when he seemed much affected, and said "Then I shall be transported for life." Afterwards, when told his sentence might only be fifteen or twenty years, he said, "That is equal to transportation for life, for I am fifty-five years old" (he did not look more than forty). He also said, "When I go to Newgate Mr. Jones will know me. You remember a Frenchman making his escape from there, and letting two Englishmen out with him. Well, the Englishmen were released within a week, but I was not." Thus it was inferred that deceased was the man who had been in Newgate and had made his escape some time back. Deceased further said he had an answer to the charge of breaking into Lord Eldon's, and could prove that he bought the hosiery identified as his lordship's. Witness thought deceased suffered a great change in his mind after this. Dr. Smyles, medical officer of the House of Detention, said he was called to deceased but found him dead. The coroner having explained the law of *Felo desse*, as applied to criminals who committed suicide, the jury returned a verdict, "That deceased committed suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

An Irish labourer, named John Rowan, aged thirty-five, died in the Leeds Infirmary on Sunday morning from wounds inflicted on him at a late hour on Saturday night by another Irishman named Patrick Welsh. It appears that a short time ago a quarrel took place between Welsh's wife and a woman who was a relation of Rowan, and that Welsh, for some reason or other, after the quarrel harboured a strong feeling of resentment against Rowan, and that feeling he carried into murderous effect on Saturday night by going up to the victim of his hatred in Lower Cross-street, and stabbing him with a pocket-knife in the neck and in the abdomen, exclaiming at the time, "I'll have it out of you." As soon as he had inflicted the wounds, Welsh ran away, but was well known to the police, having several times been convicted in Leeds of disorderly conduct, and on Sunday he was apprehended at Goolie. Immediately after he was wounded Rowan was picked up and taken to the General Infirmary. The medical attendants at that institution soon found that his case was hopeless, the wound in the abdomen being of a very serious character. Before he expired, and when he was perfectly conscious, he made a deposition in the presence of the local magistrates, and in his deposition he said he could not assign any reason for the conduct of Welsh, who rushed upon and stabbed him twice, uttering at the same time the exclamation already mentioned.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred on Monday morning at Beal's Wharf, Tooley-street, near the scene of the great fire of 1861. A boy and a porter were on the premises belonging to the Messrs. Beal, about five o'clock, for the purpose of lighting the engine fire, when they noticed a smell of something burning, and concluded a fire had broken out. The boy at once went for the engine and gave the alarm to the police. A constable who was on duty sent immediately to Walling-street, and to the stations on the Surrey side of the river. In a short time two land steam-engines arrived on the spot. The flames had by this time reached the first floors of the warehouse, in which were stored tea, Spanish liquors, ome, seed, and pepper, and from the nature of the goods and the mode in which they are packed they spread rapidly. Other engines arrived in quick succession, and there were present in a short time no less than eight land steam-engines, two manual power engines, and the floating steam-engine all in full play. The flames spread to several floors, but at last, between eleven and twelve o'clock, they were brought under control, and soon after extinguished. There has been destroyed 1,500,000 lbs. of tea, worth £100,000. Hay's Wharf adjoining has escaped without damage.

ENGLISH DETECTIVES AMONG THE AMERICAN FENIANS.—The New York Daily News of October 14 says:—"Among the passengers of the steamer China, from Liverpool to Boston, were a number of English detectives who have been sent out here to ascertain information of the movements of the Fenians, in order to implicate those in Ireland who have been arrested on a charge of being connected with the organization. These British spies have been sent to Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and this city. It is said that they will make an attempt to join the Fenians in order to discover their intentions. Should the true character of these officers be found out, it is expected they will have a very inhospitable reception. The names of the officers, however, are known to the Fenian circles here, who were advised by friends in London of their intended departure and their mission, and thus anticipated their presence before they arrived."

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Manual Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Price free. 29 Minster, London.—[Advertisement.]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROTTER'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD. Superior Harmoniums from 24 s. 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The French journals are enthusiastic about the visit of the Empress to the cholera hospital. The *Debate* observes:—

"The emotion was great, as might be expected among all those poor people, and the gratitude profound. All eyes were filled with tears. One of the sufferers, whose sight was perhaps already obscured by the gravity of his state, having replied to a question put to him by the Empress, 'Où, ma sœur,'—'My friend,' said the Sister of Charity in attendance, 'It is not I who speak to you; it is the Empress.' 'Do not correct him,' exclaimed her Majesty; 'It is the most noble name he can give me!' Sublime and generous words! A spontaneous expression of sentiment at once the most human, the most popular, the most Christian! A delicate and glorious eulogium addressed to those worthy females who devote themselves to the care of the sick! The Empress, indeed, well merited the name of sister at that moment, as she was fulfilling the most painful of the functions which cause it to be blessed, and she was justly honouring herself by meeting it! Empress and Sister of Charity! What glorious titles to be united! What lustre they lend to each other! Those touching words will find an echo in every heart."

One of the standing contributors to the *Univers Illustré* has lately taken a trip to London, and he now gives his readers the benefit of his observations, some of which are shrewd and amusing. The number of confusions on which he saw written the word "Bank" led him to the conclusion that most of the inhabitants of London go to the Bank of England at least once a day either to draw out or deposit money. But the peculiarity of the arrangements of London life which made the greatest impression on his mind was that the dining-room in every house was under ground. He repeats three times in the course of one article that it was a most curious sight to see the English bourgeois and his family taking breakfast, dinner, or tea in a room below the level of the street. He gives a most accurate account of a London area, the stone steps which descend to it, and the iron rails by which it is guarded; but having nobody to tell him better, he mistook the kitchens, in which he saw frequent eating and drinking going on, for the family dining-rooms. It is fair to suppose that his politeness prevented him from starting into private houses; and, besides, London servants are now so very genteel, that a foreigner may well be excused for mistaking them for masters.

The *Opinion Nationale* publishes a correspondence from Oran, dated the 24th October, which states that the Algerian insurgents, 50,000 strong, are in possession of the whole south side of the Tell mountains. The same correspondence asserts that a vessel under British colours had proceeded to Gibraltar to procure arms and ammunition for sale to the insurgents.

ITALY.

A horrible attack has just been made upon Professor Angelo Volpe, the editor of the Italian newspaper *L'Italia Centrale*, at Reggio. He had given great offence by opposing the canvass of a pure democrat, and no doubt is entertained that he was attacked in consequence. He was approaching his own door in the Via San Giovanni, near the police-office, when a number of men armed with knives and sticks rushed upon him, knocked him down, and stabbed him in eight places. They ran off leaving him bleeding on the ground. He was at once removed to his house and attended to. While the medical men were dressing his wounds he retained presence of mind enough to write an address to the inhabitants of Reggio, in which he says that he does not attribute to them the criminal act of a small faction, and congratulates them on the support they had given to the liberal moderate candidate. The affair has caused great excitement. Dr. Volpe is a Venetian exile.

AMERICA.

Among the amnesty oaths just filed at the State Department is that of General Robert E. Lee, subscribed on the 2nd inst. The oath reads as follows:—

"Office Notary Public, Rockbridge County, Va., October 2.

"I, Robert E. Lee, of Lexington, Virginia, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves, so help me God.

(Signed)

"R. E. LEE

"Subscribed and sworn before me this 2nd day of October, A.D. 1865.

"CHARLES A. DAVISON, Notary Public."

A SOURCE OF HAIRDRESSERS!—The *Post* has a report of a "grand soiree," at the Hanover Square Rooms, held for the purpose of "illustrating the art of hairdressing by British artists." This ceremonial took place "under the auspices of the Association of British Hairdressers," of which Mr. Douglas, of Bond-street, is president. The object, it seemed, was to afford English hairdressers a practical opportunity of vindicating their characters against the assumption that the French *coiffeurs* are superior to them in the exercise of their art. In order to enable the "expositors," as they were called, who represented the English manipulators to exhibit their skill to the best advantage, some twelve or fourteen young ladies were invited to be present, to undergo the interesting operation of having their hair dressed in a manner which their mammae and papas would have been greatly surprised to see carried out by their own particular desire. In the centre of one of the smaller rooms a long table was fixed, and thereon were arranged a succession of looking-glasses of every variety of shape and size—each being accompanied by "powder puffs," cosmetics, hair pins, and the numerous forms of ornamentation which are designed to an effective display of a lady's head-dress. The "proceedings" of the evening commenced with the entry of the various expositors, each bearing on his arm a young lady who had agreed to subject her locks to the operation of his hands. At the sound of a band of music the aspiring manipulators commenced their respective tasks, and the spectators (who were both numerous and enthusiastic) had the satisfaction of seeing every tint and strength of human hair belonging to the latter portion of creation twisted and twisted into such elegant and fantastic shapes as must have surprised the ladies themselves, while they excited the admiration of the onlookers. As each operator completed his labour, the heartiest applause greeted his efforts; and, when all the fair "victims" appeared in their newly-added charms, the excitement of the spectators was almost unbounded. Various commentaries were passed upon the results of the different operations, but the general opinion expressed was that sufficient had been done to show that English hairdressers are quite competent to vindicate their country against the supposition that there are any "Gladstons" among the *coiffeurs* of France who are capable of leaving them in the background.

DR BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING INVALID AND INFANT'S FOOD, the Revalenta Arabica, yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation, Constipation, Dizziness, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. W. In tins, 1lb, 2s 3d; 12lb, 22s; 24lb, 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

In the new Prison Act, which will shortly take effect, there is a provision that where a sentence expires on a Sunday the prisoner shall be released on the day preceding.

An extraordinary appeal to the women of Ireland has (says the *Dublin Express*) been addressed by the wives of some of the Fenian prisoners. It sets forth the state of destitution into which they have been plunged, attributing to the acts of the British Government what the public will probably consider the natural and inevitable consequences of their own. The address avows sympathy with the prisoners, and yet appeals to the women of Ireland of all creeds and politics to contribute to their support.

The Premier of Nova Scotia is Dr. Charles Tupper, a practising physician at Halifax.

The *Correspondencia* of Madrid gives the following explanation relative to the suicide of the Spanish banker, Señor Lopez Molinero. It appears that having to meet a payment of three millions of reals for which he was not prepared, he had asked one of his intimate friends to procure the money for him, and to let him know in the evening if he had succeeded. The gentleman obtained the money, but, owing to the sudden illness of two of his daughters, postponed communicating the fact to Molinero until the next morning. The latter, not receiving the expected message, was so distressed at the thought of not being able to honour his signature that he committed suicide during the night.

SOME cases of cholera have made their appearance at Woolwich during the past few days, none of which, however, by the aid of timely and efficient remedies and attention, proved fatal. On Thursday morning week, at three o'clock, a police-constable named J. Johnston, while patrolling his beat at the shipping-wharf in Woolwich Arsenal, was seized with the cramps and pains which accompany cholera. He was promptly removed on a stretcher to his house, and was attended by Dr. Stuart the divisional surgeon, who pronounced the case to be "spasmodic cholera." The patient has since progressed favourably. Another case was on Monday reported of Mrs. Sales, wife of the barge contractor to the War Department, who was also attacked a few days ago with the same violent symptoms, which resisted for some considerable time every remedy employed to bring about animation. She is also in a fair way of recovery. Various other cases are mentioned as having taken place at Woolwich. Its appearance there is by some attributed to the putrid matter brought back by the southern outfall of the sewage, which it was anticipated would have been effectually carried off, but which often lies on the surface of the ebb tide.

MR. JUSTICE OROMPTON died on Monday morning, we regret to state, at ten o'clock, at his residence, Hyde-park-square. The deceased judge, who has been very ill for some time past, was made a judge in the year 1852, and took his seat in the Court of Queen's Bench. He was previously without silk. After the last circuit his health became impaired, and latterly assumed a very serious character. Mr. Justice Byles mentioned a fortnight back, "Zt the Judges' Chambers, that his complaint was very serious, and that he was about to resign. The learned judge, however, lingered until Monday morning, when he died from inflammation of the intestines.

On Monday, Dr. Lakeside held an inquest at the University College Hospital, on the body of a man named Michael Lyons. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased was employed as a bricklayer's labourer at some works at Hampstead, and he one day, while in drink, went up the scaffolding and fell off a height of about twenty feet. In falling he struck against a waterbutt, and broke several of his ribs and ruptured his left lung. He died through the ruptured lung, as he had bronchitis in the other, and so could not breathe. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

A MAN was taken into custody on Saturday night in Regent-street by Police-constable Joseph Faulkner, 340 A, for being drunk and incapable. The man was taken to Vine-street police-station, and while on the way the constable asked him where he resided, and the only answer he gave was, "In heaven—take me home." On arriving at the station he was placed in a cell, and visited as usual, but about three o'clock on Sunday morning he was found dead in the cell. Mr. Tohill, the divisional surgeon, was immediately sent for, and he pronounced death to have resulted from apoplexy, induced through drinking.

We understand that one of the last acts of the late Lord Palmerston was to place on the Civil List the name of Mr. Capern, the Bideford post, for an additional £20 per annum.

GENERAL SIR DUNCAN CAMERON has arrived in town from New Zealand.

THE seat upon the bench vacant by the resignation of Mr. Justice Orompton, has been offered by the Lord Chancellor to Mr. Lush, Q.C., the leader of the Home Circuit, and accepted by that gentleman.

A GOOD story, which we fancy is new, is being told in clerical circles about the Bishop of Oxford. It is said that when the bishop was travelling eastwards to attend the Church Congress at Norwich, a lady who was sitting opposite to him commented in flattering terms on the eloquence and ability of the great Anglican divine, quite unconscious that she was addressing him. "But why, sir," she asked, "do people call him Soapy Sam?" "Well, madam," replied the bishop, "I suppose it is because he has always been in a good deal of hot water, and always manages to come out with clean hands."

AUSTRALIAN SNAKE.—The *Riverine Herald* is responsible for the following:—"It is said that two men belonging to Mr. Cameron, of Ullima Station, were passing by one of the tanks upon the Sandhill Station, when to their horror and surprise an immense snake, or serpent, raised its huge length to the height of ten feet from the ground, and 'flung at once its venom and its strength.' Fortunately, however, the reptile's aim was faulty, so that the two men escaped with a fright. The men aver that the snake was at least twenty feet long, with a mane for six feet down the neck like that of a horse, and that its mouth when open looked large enough to swallow a fat wether, without even crushing its bones. The reptile is what is called the 'mudi' by the aborigines, the breath of which they imagine poisonous enough to destroy any animal life that may come within reach thereof; therefore, upon all occasions they give the creature a wide berth."

THE QUEEN OF THE GIPSIANS AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Among the strangers present at Kelo Racos, attracted by the hope of seeing the Princess of Wales, was the representative and head of a dynasty now rapidly becoming extinct. This was no other than the descendant of Johnny Paa—Ester Biythe, Queen of the Gipsies, who had come from Yethelm, her royal abode, a village at the foot of the Cheviots, about seven miles south of Kelo, to witness her future Queen. She sat on a bank near the entrance to the racetrack, smoking twist tobacco from a very old outlay pipe, speaking her own gibberish to one of her maids in waiting, who was seated beside her, indulging also in the "weed." The Gipsy Queen expressed a wish to see the Princess, and after her arrival, when she had seen her, she observed that "she was a dounce and modest-looking lass," and expressed a hope that she might be spared "lang in the land of the livin'."

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 500,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

SKETCHES FROM IRELAND.

WRECK OF THE CARIOCA.

On Wednesday, the 11th ult., during a fierce gale, the ship Cariooa, 160 tons, bound from Havre to Brazil, with a general cargo, and a full complement of officers and men, comprising in all twenty-nine men, was driven on the Chateau-le-Rock, beneath Albert Fort, Alderney, and was in imminent peril of total destruction, with the loss of every soul on board, as will be seen from our illustration, on page 325. Fortunately the vessel suddenly listed over, and, falling on her side, her masts nearly touched the rocks beneath the battlements of the fort. Some of the crew gallantly attempted a landing from her masts, and eventually succeeded in reaching the shore, after exposure to much peril. As quickly as their exhausted strength admitted, they sped to rouse the inmates of the fort. Sergeant Cox, 6th Regiment, and the men under his charge, lost no time in proceeding to the wreck. After a most gallant fight with the wind and waves, at considerable risk to their lives, their efforts were rewarded with partial success in saving twenty-five out of twenty-nine lives, including the captain and chief officers. When daylight dawned, the news spread far and wide, and the gallant band of the 6th Regiment were reinforced by the whole of the Islanders, and Major Bolton and the men of the Royal Artillery stationed on the island rendered conspicuous service on the occasion.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' LIFEBOAT.

The commercial travellers in the United Kingdom, but principally those of the midland counties and the north of England, have liberally contributed the cost of two lifeboats to the National Lifeboat Institution. One of the boats is stationed at Piel, on the coast of Lancashire, and the other boat is being forwarded to Castletown, in the Isle of Man. The boats are respectively named the "Commercial Traveller, Nos. 1 and 2." Mr. R. Affleck, of Manchester, Mr. W. Bishop, of Boston, and other friends, have been indefatigable in their kind exertions to promote the collection of this lifeboat fund. By the desire



AN IRISH TENANT.

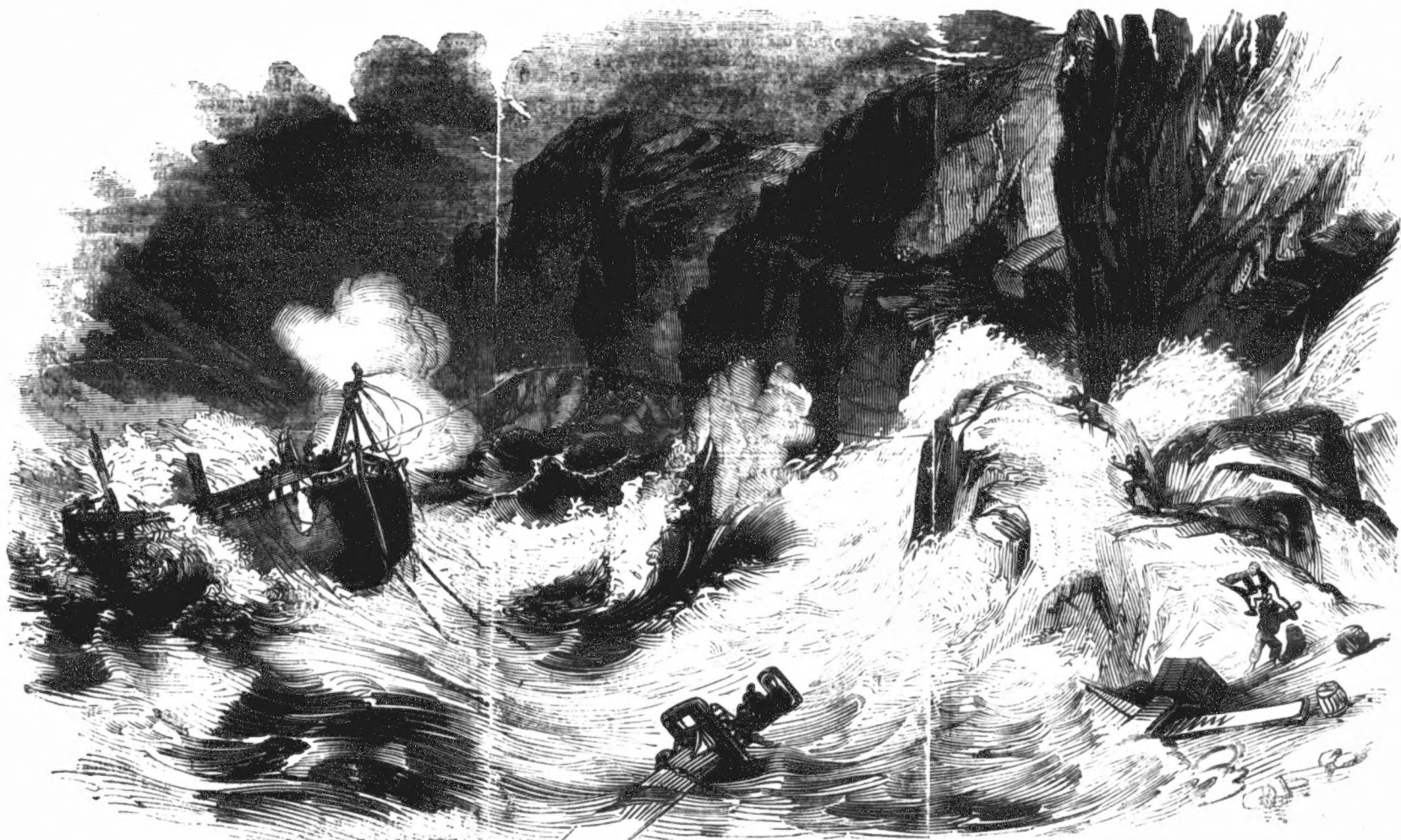
of the commercial travellers their second lifeboat was taken to Sheffield on the way to her station, that they might have an opportunity of seeing her; and a public demonstration recently took place at Sheffield with the boat. The day being fine, thousands of people turned out to see the "boat of mercy." She is a fine craft, 32ft. long and 7ft. wide, carries ten cars, double-banked, and is built of mahogany. The ceremony of presenting the lifeboat to the Institution took place in the Botanical Gardens, the use of which was generously granted by the proprietors. The Rev. Canon Sale, vicar of Sheffield, pronounced a benediction on the boat, and Miss Jessop, the daughter of the mayor, performed the ceremony of naming the boat. After this part of the work had been gone through, Mr. Bishop, on behalf of the donors, formally made the presentation of the boat to the National Lifeboat Institution. It should be added that a free conveyance was readily granted to the boat and carriage by the Midland Railway Company, and by the continuous railway companies to Liverpool.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

We again present our readers with two more Irish sketches, not particularly in connexion with the Fenian movement, but applying to the condition of the Irish peasantry. The interior of the cabin shown on the present page is a correct sketch of the home of a small tenant farmer, who has an acre or two of land, principally planted with potatoes. His ducks, chickens, geese, and pigs occupy little of his attention. The greater portion of his time his hands are in his pockets, and with pipe in mouth, as shown in our other sketch, he has very little thought of making provision for adversity. Instead of draining his small patch of ground near his dwelling, stagnant pools are allowed to gather, in which the pigs wallow, and from thence enter the open cabin doors to lay down with the inmates. Could habits of industry and cleanliness be inculcated on the minds of the Irish peasantry we should hear little about Fenianism there, or even of emigration to any great extent.



INTERIOR OF AN IRISH CABIN.



WRECK OF THE CARIOEA. (See page 324.)

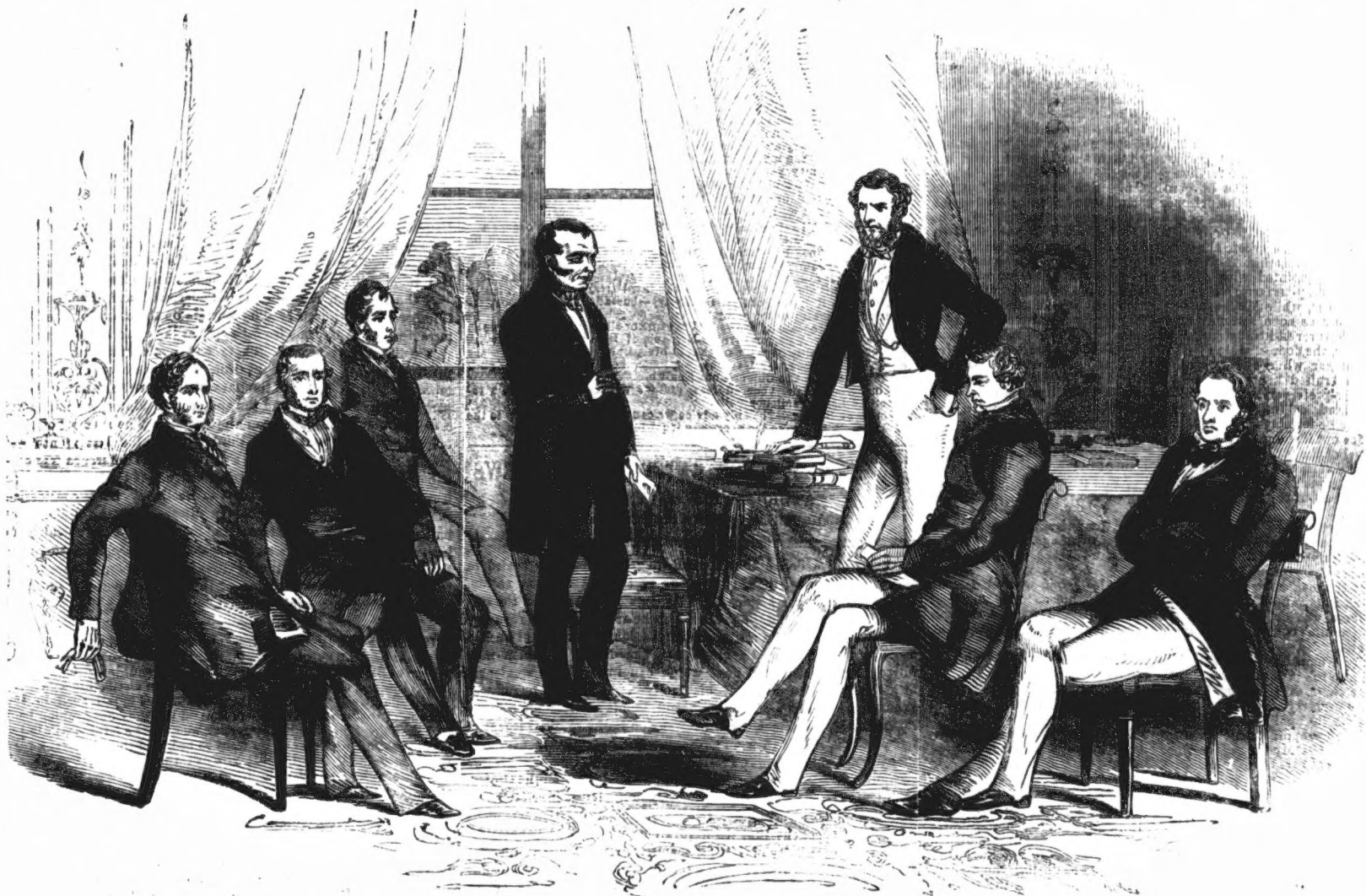
EARL RUSSELL FORMING HIS CABINET.

The illustration on this page represents Earl Russell communicating to the members of the Cabinet the Queen's commands that he should undertake its reconstruction. Earl Granville will not be appointed to the English embassy in Paris, as was anticipated, but continue a member of the Cabinet, the Earl of Clarendon being its Foreign Secretary.

THE LORD MAYOR ELEG.

Mr. Alderman Phillips comes to the civic throne with a considerable amount of experience acquired in the various offices which he has filled in connexion with the Corporation. Though still in the prime of life he has been a member of the Municipal Council nearly twenty years, his first appearance there dating as representative of the Ward of Farringdon Within. As he was born in 1811, he was

of course, at this time thirty-six years of age. The honour conferred on him by his neighbours was simply the just testimony won by his life amongst them. As a member of the firm of Fendel, Phillips, and Sons (Newgate-street), of which he is now the head, Mr. Phillips had proved himself to be possessed in no small degree of the somewhat rare faculty usually spoken of as common sense, great business tact and judgment, and unblemished reputation. Nor did his qualifications for public life terminate at this point, for un-



EARL RUSSELL FORMING THE NEW MINISTRY.

like many men who meet with commercial success, he altogether declined to shut himself up to the mere routine of money-making and showed that he was capable of taking an interest in matters affecting the welfare of others, and that he possessed not only the ability but the will to work. As a proof of the expectations of his friends, when he was yet an untitled man, we may mention, in passing, that the continuance of the confidence reposed in him was evinced at the late general election, when his name was one of the very few mentioned in connection with the representation of the City. After serving in the Court of Common Council ten years, a vacancy occurred in the representation of his ward in the Court of Aldermen, by the resignation of Mr. Alderman Eggleston, and Mr. Phillips had so far advanced in favour as to be chosen to fill the position thus left open. Two years later he was appointed to fill the office of sheriff, his companion being Mr. Alderman Gabriel. He wore his honours gracefully, and when the time came he resigned them with credit. Having thus won and kept the esteem of all, his assumption of a more prominent office than he has yet filled will be regarded with interest and satisfaction by all. Being a member of the Jewish persuasion, and the first Jew admitted into the municipality of London, he will be the second Lord Mayor of that faith, the first being Mr. Alderman Salomons. He is most benevolent, and has more than once shown his practical sympathy with the various wants of his brethren as well as those of every other denomination, helping, on such occasions, with purse and tongue, his up-asking being of a very high order. In conclusion, we have only to add that he is a member of the Spectacle Makers' Company, and that he has expressed his determination fully to uphold the glories of the Mansion House.—City Press.

A DELICATE INVESTIGATION.

At Westminster Police-court, Thomas James Longhurst Manning, about 25 years of age, described as a clerk, was charged before Mr. Selfe with stealing a gold watch, diamond pin, a cheque-book, bank-book, pianoforte and household furniture, amounting in value to upwards of £400, the property of Mr. Samuel Montague Lawrence, a gentleman residing in Tachbrook-street, Pimlico. Mr. W. D. Smyth prosecuted; and a gentleman from the office of Mr. Hutchinson watched the case for prisoner, but reserved cross-examination. Mr. Smyth, having briefly stated the facts, called the prosecutor, Mr. Lawrence, who stated that he was a gentleman of independent means, but partly managed the business of a relative, an outfitter, in the Strand. About two years ago he became acquainted with a female named Trevellin, and was on intimate terms with her. He took a house for her at No. 6, Trinity-terrace, Pimlico, and lived with her, furnishing it himself, buying part of the furniture of the lady's father. On the morning of last Wednesday witness went to business as usual, leaving Miss Trevellin in the house. Besides the ordinary furniture there were a number of gold sleeve-links, studs, a gold watch, diamond pin, wearing apparel and dress-linen, as well as a writing-desk containing valuable papers, a cheque-book and other articles. Between six and seven at night he returned, and was surprised to find that the house had been stripped of every vestige of furniture and all his property. Hardly had the nails been left in the walls, and the carpets and oilcloth in the hall were taken away. He went into the kitchen and found the prisoner and six men, who had removed the furniture and taken it away, even to the bread and cheese, which were afterwards found at prisoner's house. Prisoner asked his business, and then said he should hear of him through his solicitor. Witness left the house, as he apprehended violence, and from information he received went with the police to a house, No. 87, Stamford-street, Lambeth, where prisoner lodged, on Friday evening, and there found prisoner and the whole of the stolen property, with the exception of the watch, pin, and trinkets. The pianoforte was lent on hire from Cramer's. Prisoner was then given in charge.

In answer to questions from the court, witness said the lady was the wife of the prisoner, but he did not know it till very recently. Never saw him till Wednesday last. Prisoner's wife had fled from the house to avoid his violence. Had lived with her some long time before he knew she was a married woman, and had occasionally visited her in Cumberland-street, Pimlico. Believed that the prisoner had molested his wife since she had lived with him. The house was taken for three years, in the name of Trevellin, the maiden name of the prisoner's wife, and the furniture was mostly bought in her name; but all belonged to witness, and was all paid for but about £5 10s. worth. Was a single man.

The case of assault was now proceeded with.

Mrs. Mary Jane Manning, wife of prisoner, who had to be partly supported in the witness-box, said she was married to prisoner July 30, 1863. He had previously taken apartments for her, but had no occupation, and for five months she maintained him entirely by receiving the visits of gentlemen. She was married at the registrar's office, and the prisoner committed perjury by stating she was of age, when she was only eighteen; she was married without her father's knowledge or consent. Being taken ill, she left town for Margate, and when she returned refused to keep prisoner any longer, and left him, and after staying with her father some time became acquainted with Mr. Lawrence, and went to live with him at 6, Trinity-terrace, losing all traces of the prisoner. On Wednesday last, while Mr. Lawrence was absent, a man knocked at the door, and as soon as she opened it the prisoner rushed in with a life-preserver in his hand, and seizing her pushed her into the back parlour, the door of which he locked. He then knocked her down, kicked her while she was on the ground, out her head, and very much bruised her about the shoulders, where he struck her with the life-preserver. She got to the window and broke a pane with her hand, calling out "Police," but when he had dragged her thence he forcibly held her in a chair, and threatened to smash her brains out if she made a noise while he was giving orders for the removal of the furniture. He left her, taking her purse, containing a trifling sum, and she escaped into the next house.

In answer to Mr. Selfe, she repeated that prisoner had committed perjury about the marriage by making a false declaration. He told her so.

The certificate was produced found on prisoner, and it there stated that the witness was twenty-one years of age.

Mr. Smyth said the false declaration would be the subject of another charge against the prisoner.

By the magistrate: Prisoner knew she had gone astray before he married her, and knew that she was only eighteen. The marriage business was only the work of two days. She married without her parents' consent. He broke open her box and obtained the license.

Mrs. Emma Trevellin corroborated last witness as to the assault, and also the prisoner directing the removal of the property.

Mr. Selfe said he should remand him without bail, as the whole of the property was not forthcoming; if it was by Monday he would consider the application.

Prisoner applied for the money, £6 10s., found upon him at the station; but Mr. Lawrence objected, on the ground that it was the proceeds of part of the robbery.

Mr. Selfe made no order respecting the money.

THE LATE VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET TO SPITHEAD.—The Mayor of Portsmouth, R. W. Ford, Esq., has received from Admiral Paris a handsome series of drawings and photographs, called a "Souvenir of Jerusalem," which comprise views of the Holy City taken by Admiral Paris and his brother officers during the visit of the French squadron to Beyrout. The Admiral Paris, in his letter to the mayor, expresses the pleasure felt by his brother officers and himself on their recent visit to Portsmouth, and their appreciation of the agreeable reception given them. The present is forwarded as "a personal souvenir," commemorative of the memorable event.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
				A.M.	P.M.
4	S	Sun rises, 7h. 1m.; sets, 4h. 27m.	...	2 7	2 30
5	S	21st Sunday after Trinity—Gunpowder Plot	2 54	3 16
6	M	Princess Charlotte died, 1817	3 38	4 1
7	T	John Milton died, 1674	4 25	4 48
8	W	Eddystone Lighthouse finished, 1759	5 13	5 36
9	T	Prince of Wales born, 1841	6 0	6 26
10	F	Martin Luther born, 1483	6 53	7 24

Moon's Changes.—Full Moon, 8th—8h. 3m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Hab. 2; Luke 21. Prov. 1; 1 Thes. 1.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast days, &c.—5th, Gunpowder Plot; 6th, Leonard, Confessor (A.D. 559).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 315, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS 315, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 3s. 3d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

G. W. D.—A few remedies may be rendered suitable to meet many ailments. This was the object of the chemist who prepared the compounds which are now obtaining considerable popularity, and which are so well known as the Universal Medicines. They are fully described in the "Golden Book," which we have noticed on former occasions. It is published at 4d. post free, by T. Walter, No. 8, Grafton-place, Euston-square, and by W. Strange, Amen-corner, Paternoster-row. Postage stamps can be sent. Every ailment to which these medicines apply is mentioned in the little work alluded to.

OPERATIVE.—You have no occasion to blush at your avocation. To earn one's living honestly and squarely is the most honourable thing on earth. The members of the mushroom family referred to, who now turn up their noses at you, may yet crave an alliance with your name. Keep in mind the old, but no less to-be-forgotten motto—

"Honour and fame from no condition rise:

Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

and persevere. All nature helps the honest, industrious, sagacious man. C. D.—Procure a "Guide to the Law, for General Use," published by B. Evans and Son, Bell-yard, Lincoln's-inn, price 3s. 6d., or post free, 3s. 10d. Lloyd's Newspaper says:—"This Guide to the Law, for General Use, by Edward R. Evans, Esq., of the Inner Temple, is a very clear and good alphabetical guide to the law—arranged on the plan of Mr. Charles Knight's Political Dictionary—but adapted to the comprehension and means of the many."

T. B.—We have repeatedly answered the same or similar questions through these columns. A person born in England, of Irish parents, is Irish. A person's nationality depends on that of his parents, and not on the place of his birth. Thus, for instance, a person, born in China, of English parents, would not be Chinese, but English.

IN THOUGHTS.—Send us your address, and we will recommend you a respectable London solicitor.

A WOULD-BE SAILOR.—The only advice we can give you, is to apply to the nearest port, and make the necessary inquiries yourself.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

In expressing a desire that Lord Palmerston should be buried in Westminster Abbey, the Queen spoke as the voice of the nation. It is nearly sixty years since Lord Palmerston first entered the service of the Crown, and the years which he actually gave his country fell little short of half a century. In the long retrospect of such a career, many acts may be found, the expediency of which may now appear doubtful, but none which can impeach the singleness of his policy or the purity of his motives. His one thought was the honour and glory of England, and in his zeal for his country he was careful to remember what was due to the precious legacy of her past renown. Had a subordinate official served the nation so many years with such unwavering fidelity, his career would deserve recognition; but when we speak of the First Minister of the Crown, a national act of respect to his memory was almost inevitable. It is, in truth, many years since the memorable declaration was made by a party opponent that we were all proud of Lord Palmerston, and in the unanimity of feeling manifested when his death was telegraphed through the country the distinctions of party and differences of opinion were fairly obliterated. And if the Queen expressed the wishes of the people in directing that Lord Palmerston should be honoured with a public funeral, it may be added that her Majesty was no less fortunate in choosing the place of his burial.

It was not merely that Lord Palmerston had won a right to be laid among his great predecessors; we may go further, and say that it is only upon such occasions as his funeral that Westminster Abbey appears to be devoted to its proper use. To an ordinary visitor the state of the Abbey is unsatisfactory, if, indeed, it be not dispiriting. He is shocked by the contrast between the noble architecture of its first builders and the paltry monuments of later generations. But the other day the present was strong enough to repel the almost overpowering influence of the past. The twelve centuries of piety which consecrate the site of Westminster might look down upon the ceremonial, and those who assisted in it might yet be un-ashamed. They had come to bury one who had worked long and faithfully, and the note of solemn triumph which sounds throughout the Burial Service of the English Church corresponded exactly to the sentiment of the occasion. There was no sense of premature loss to check the feeling of thankfulness for the past and of trust for the future. Death was no longer the grim tyrant of mediæval legend, running athwart all human activity and baffling human hopes; rather was he the servant of the Almighty Will, doing His good pleasure. The Englishmen of all ranks, from the heir to the Crown downwards, who clustered about the open grave of Lord Palmerston, came to lay all that was mortal of him in it, as not being unworthy of association with the great statesmen whose remains lie around. The statue of the great Chatham looked down upon the grave; the younger Pitt and his rival Fox lie at the side of it; close by rest Grattan, Castlereagh, and Canning, the younger Canning, and Horner, too early lost to his country. "The mighty chiefs sleep side by side," their jealousies over, their divisions ended, and a grateful nation confesses that the ambition of each one of them was to serve his country. Such is Lord Palmerston's title to honour. He may not have had the daring genius of Chatham, the governing ability of his son, the fervour of Fox, or the polished eloquence of Canning, but he was as jealous as Chatham of England's greatness. Unlike the younger Pitt, he was prepared to resign office rather than sacrifice his independence, and under his Administration the prosperity of the nation advanced at a rate which none of his predecessors were fortunate enough to witness. He desired for his country peace and happiness at home, goodwill and respect abroad, and the country has thankfully acknowledged that in times of no ordinary difficulty and danger he had been the means of securing these inestimable blessings. Among the statesmen who sleep in Westminster Abbey there may be some whose intellectual power will be estimated by after generations above that of Lord Palmerston; none of whom it can be said that he was more beloved by his contemporaries. We may, indeed, apply to Lord Palmerston the noble verses still to be read on a tombstone in the Abbey, in which Pope lamented the death of a statesman who was also his friend. A busy generation may not remember much of the deeds of that friend, but as long as the English language remains the generous lines of the great poet must survive:—

"He broke no promise, served no private end;

He gained no title, but he lost no friend."

At length we have got some statistics of the cattle plague, and a ghastly look they wear. Upwards of 14,000 animals are known to have been attacked by the plague since its first appearance, and of these nearly 12,000 have died. To be sure, more than 5,000 of these victims were killed to save curing, but they swell the total loss of stock. As to the recoveries, they are registered just 707, which would be only five per cent. on the whole attacks. Probably the increased care and vigilance of the authorities, now naturally on the alert, have more than compensated for the greater prevalence of disease. At all events the actual supply has been little interfered with, though prices have risen. As to the origin, however, or nature of this cattle plague we are as much in the dark as ever. If the recent telegram from India reporting its appearance in the Neilgherry hills can be relied upon for exactness, there is an end to the theory of Russian importation, for we may presume that no "English speculators" have been carrying cows from Revel to Cannanore. But though the intelligence spoke definitely of the malady as "the" cattle disease, it is obvious that the disorder may be some ordinary murrain, and not the veritable "Rinderpest." Still there will remain many of these plagues to be accounted for. Was the Egyptian murrain the "Rinderpest," and, if so, how was it imported from Russia? The murrain on the coasts of the Mediterranean, perhaps, came from Egypt, as the cholera has done, but where did it first begin? These and analogous questions will perhaps receive some light from the researches of the commission now sitting, but in the meantime, notwithstanding the report from the metropolis and the approach of winter, we can hardly conclude that the disease is on the decline. The number of cases officially reported during the third week of the last month was greater than the number in the second, and the difference was contributed by as many as nine districts out of the twelve, though the increase was nowhere large, except in Scotland. Still, considering the extreme contagiousness of the disease, and the difficulty of putting restrictions on intercourse, the present state of things is better than might have been anticipated. We are inclined to believe, too, that the proportion of cures is increasing, perhaps owing to a mitigation in the virulence of the disorder, perhaps in consequence of more successful treatment.

HORRIBLE MURDER BY A SERGEANT OF VOLUNTEERS NEAR THE LAND'S END.—A horrible murder has been committed at the village of St. Just, near the Land's End, the murderer being Sergeant Goodyre, of the local rifle corps, and the victim his wife. On Wednesday week the body of the deceased was found dead in the kitchen of the house. It appears that on the previous evening both had been drinking, and the sergeant states that he left his wife in the kitchen at midnight, when he went to bed, and that he was awake in the morning by hearing his wife call the children, but that on going down he found her dead. A coroner's inquest was opened the same day before John Roscorla, county coroner, and adjourned for the purpose of a post-mortem examination being made, when the evidence adduced was to the effect that the deceased had been stabbed in the womb by a sword or bayonet. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the sergeant, who was apprehended and brought before the county magistrates at Penzance, when, after a lengthened sitting, he was committed for trial. The dreadful occurrence has created the most intense excitement throughout West Cornwall, where the prisoner was well known as the drill instructor to the St. Just Rifle Corps. He was formerly colour-sergeant in the 36th Regiment.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, with their Royal Highnesses Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended by Lieut.-General F. H. G. Seymour, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady A. Stanley, Dr. Jenner, and Messrs. Sahl and Buff, left Balmoral on Saturday afternoon, at twenty minutes to one o'clock, en route for Windsor. The royal train kept splendid time, and arrived at the Windsor Terminus of the Great Western Railway exactly to the minute named in the time-table—8.45 a.m. on Sunday. Rain was still falling when the Queen entered the station, from which the public was excluded, none but the officials being present on the platform.

Apparently her Majesty and the princesses were in the best of health. The Queen wore mourning; but their Royal Highnesses Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice were attired in grey cloth jackets, dark dresses, and bonnets trimmed with blue.

Prince Frederick William, Princess Charlotte, Prince Henry, and Prince Sigismund of Prussia, attended by the Baroness Von Döbenek, arrived at the Castle on Sunday evening from the Continent.

Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, with their royal highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Elisabeth, arrived at the Castle on Monday.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales arrived on Monday at Knowsley, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Derby, which has been previously announced. Great preparations were made to receive them. The old mansion-house has been recently decorated for the occasion, and many improvements have been effected, more particularly in furnishing the banqueting-hall. The suite of rooms known as the King's-chambers, which once were occupied by the fourth George when Prince of Wales, were reserved for the use of their royal highnesses. A large and distinguished party were invited to meet the royal party. The list includes the names of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, Lord Stanley, M.P., the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, Lady Constance Stanley, Lord and Lady Wharfedale, Lord and Lady Boynton, Lord and Lady Skelmersdale, Lady Emily Villiers, Lord Hamilton, Lord Courtenay, the Hon. Adela Wilbraham, and Lord Mahon. It was arranged that their royal highnesses should arrive at Hayton by the train due at 4.50. Steps were made for their royal highnesses to alight, and the pathway to the carriage in waiting was carpeted with crimson cloth. By this pathway and in other parts of the station flowers and shrubs were disposed. The arrangements to give a village welcome were under the direction of a special committee, and were carried out with commendable spirit. Immediately outside the station and at various points on the route through the village triumphal arches and platforms were erected, and large numbers of spectators flocked thither from Liverpool, Warrington, and also from all the surrounding villages. They took up their stations at every point of vantage on the road, and as the day was beautifully fine everything was seen to the best advantage. Lord Derby and Lord Stanley arrived at Hayton at 4.35, accompanied by the carriages intended to convey their royal highnesses to Knowsley. The royal train arrived a few minutes before five o'clock. On Tuesday their royal highnesses paid their visit to Liverpool, where great preparations had been made for their reception. The volunteer forces of the town made arrangements to assemble under the command of Colonel Bourne, M.P., senior volunteer officer, in as strong force as possible, 4,000 to 5,000, and they were posted in line along the most central portion of the route—that is, in front of St. George's Hall and along Lime-street.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Dahlias should now be carefully taken up and removed to a dry shed, the tops cut down to within a foot of the roots, and turned top downwards for a week or ten days, for a portion of the sap to pass off without affecting the roots. Prepare compost for spring potting of ornamentals and potted plants. Protect the roots of fuchsias with a strong coating of moss or ash. Divide herbaceous plants where they are too large. Choose sorts of hollyhocks may be taken up and potted, and if kept in a cold frame, will furnish ample cuttings in spring. Give pinks and pansies in frames all the air possible. Keep plants in frames and pits free from dead leaves. Plant different varieties of roses in good stiff soil, trenching two or three feet deep, and well incorporated with rotten dung, and the soil pressed firmly round the neck of each stem.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue trenching up all spare ground, as advertised last week. Protect the roots of artichokes from approaching frosts. Hoe up winter greens, cabbage, &c. If slugs are committing ravages, strew cabbage leaves between the rows, and examine them every day; the slugs may then be readily destroyed. Earth up celery to a good height when the soil is dry. Take up forward plants of endive, and replant them in a frame for winter use. Sow some peas on a dry warm border—Bangster's No. 1, or Daniel O'Rourke, are good early sorts. Some Masagan beans may also be got in on similar warm and protected ground; also some short-top radishes. A few roots of rhubarb may be taken up and planted in boxes or pots if an early supply is needed.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Pruning and nailing should be continued, and the preparation of borders and other places for trees completed. After finishing the pruning of gooseberries and currant bushes, strew fresh slacked lime round the roots, and gently dig it in. This will protect them through the summer from caterpillars.

AUTUMN FOREST SCENE.

THE picture of a Forest in Autumn, by Karl Bodmer, which we give on page 332 needs no other description than a verse from Eliza Cook's "Autumn Thoughts":—

Look out, look out; there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublets of brown;
The willow-tree sways with a gloomier frown,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that summer must go,
'That the swallow will never stay long in our caves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colours of autumn leaves!

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, which has been in use in America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on each bottle. It is pleasant to take and safe in all cases; it soothes the child, and gives it rest; softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is an excellent remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. The fac simile of "Cutler and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle. London depot, 305, High Holborn. (Advertisement.)

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insulating upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C. (Advertisement.)

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

THE present position of affairs throughout Mexico is far from satisfactory. Many cities and States are still in open rebellion. The correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from the city of Mexico, under date Oct. 1, says:—

"Matters appear to grow worse and worse for the empire; the Republicans, increasing in activity and boldness, have defeated the Imperial troops in a number of recent engagements. Republican detachments swarm all over the country, and one of them has appeared within only thirty-six miles of the capital. In the State of Vera Cruz they defy all efforts for their expulsion, and make frequent forays. In one of the towns of this State they have established a newspaper organ. In the State of Oaxaca the Imperial journals admit that their operations have assumed grave proportions, while in Zacatecas and Jalisco they are sweeping all before them. The United States consul in the city of Mexico had been refused admittance to the Imperial palace, he being informed that he was unknown there. It is said that the Confederate officers from this country now in Mexico have refused to comply with a request of Maximilian's Secretary of War that they should join his army, adding that hereafter they could fight under no flag but that of the United States. The Emperor, Empress, and the Court were to start on a tour to Yucatan on the 5th inst. Quite a number of Confederates were domiciled in Mexico. The ex-governor and ex-Confederate General Sterling Price, of Missouri, the ex-Governor Esham G. Harris, of Tennessee, and Messrs. Maury, Roberts, J. Perkins, and W. T. Hardman, had been appointed commissioners of colonization and emigration by Maximilian's Government.

On page 332 we give an illustration of the city of Santa Cruz, in one of the disaffected States of Mexico, where troops are being again organized for defence and otherwise.

DEATH OF A FARMER'S WIFE UNDER PECULIAR AND DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES.

[From the *North British Mail*.]

AT half-past one yesterday (Thursday, the 19th ult.) morning a Port Glasgow cab drove up to the police-office at Greenock. Beside the driver was a police-constable from Port Glasgow, named McDonald. They stated that the cab contained a woman much the worse for liquor, whom they had brought to the police-office for shelter. On proceeding to take the woman out, she was found to be dead, and her body was driven direct to the infirmary. She proved to be Jean Pollock or Simpson, wife of John Simpson, farmer, Banks, parish of Laverick. It appears that Mrs. Simpson left Ravenscroft Station, on the Wemyss Bay Railway, which is about two miles distant from her residence at the farm of Banks, on Wednesday morning, and proceeded to Glasgow, where she had some business to transact. She had arranged to return on the same line by the 5.45 p.m. train from Glasgow the same evening. Her husband waited on the train at 6.44, but as she did not arrive by that, the last train, he despatched his son, a young man of twenty years of age, to Greenock, to wait on some of the later trains. In the meantime she had transacted her business in Glasgow, and taken the seven o'clock train there, intending to come on to Greenock. She must, in mistake, have left the train at Port Glasgow, for about eight o'clock she was seen issuing from the railway-station there considerably under the influence of liquor. She was observed by the police, who, knowing her, had her assisted into a cab and taken to the police-office. Superintendent Howden and his wife made tea for her, and she soon became lively, and conversed with them freely. Mr. Howden, however, did not consider it prudent to allow her to proceed home, as, even though she had gone on to Greenock by a later train, she had still upwards of four miles of country road to travel. Police-constable McDonald, who was present, knew Mrs. Simpson, and she knew him, he having for some years, up to May last, been gamekeeper to Sir Michael S. Stewart, Bart., at Duobal, Kilmacollum. Under McDonald's charge Mrs. Simpson was sent by Mr. Howden to be lodged for the night in the Queen's Hotel, kept by Mrs. McKenzie. Shortly afterwards McDonald returned to his superintendent and reported that Mrs. Simpson had been lodged all right, and it was only on Thursday morning that McDonald reported to his superior that Mrs. Simpson was dead. It appeared that McDonald had gone back to the hotel, and he states that Mrs. Simpson being determined to proceed home that night, he ordered a cab from Mr. Campbell's. The cab was driven by an elderly man named James Andrew, and Mrs. Simpson having got into it, McDonald got in along with her, and they left going westwards shortly before eleven o'clock. Arrived at Greenock about a quarter past eleven, they called at the Buck's Head Hotel in Watson's-lane, and were served at the door with three glasses of whiskey, being a glass to each, and departed. The rest of the story is conflicting, one version of it being that on arriving at the bye-road leading off the Inverkip-road to go up hill towards Banks Farm, the driver refused to go up such a steep and dangerous road in the dark with his burden; another, that Mrs. Simpson urged them to return to the Buck's Head Hotel at Greenock; and a third, that Mrs. Simpson became so ill that McDonald deemed it advisable to return to Greenock for medical advice. Within a hundred yards or so from where the cab must have turned, is the farm-house of Hay Mill, which is tenanted by Mrs. Simpson's mother-in-law, and where aid would have been got, but possibly neither McDonald nor the cabman knew of its proximity. Well, the cab returned to the police-office at Greenock exactly at half-past one o'clock on Thursday morning, when, on an attempt being made to help Mrs. Simpson out of it, she was found to be quite dead and already stiffening. Altogether the circumstances were suspicious, and on the occurrence being reported by McDonald to Mr. Howden, his superior at Port Glasgow, the latter felt it to be his duty to take him into custody. Mr. Blair, the fiscal here, was apprised of the affair, and he immediately set about making a strict investigation into all the facts. Yesterday evening Mr. Hunter, the superintendent of the Renfrewshire county constabulary, was in town prosecuting an inquiry.

IGNORIOUS SWINDLER.—The Tribunal of Correctional Police of Paris tried a man named Flury, aged 27, calling himself an architect, on numerous charges of swindling, by obtaining money under false pretences. It appeared from the evidence that the accused wished to establish an advertising journal, entitled the *Tambour* (Drum), and in order to find subscribers for the same, he adopted the strange expedient of publishing an advertisement in the *Sicile*, announcing that a young and beautiful lady, named Mlle C—, possessing a fortune of 2,000,000 fr. (£80,000), wished to enter the holy state of matrimony with an honourable man, and that the possession of fortune on his part was to her a matter of perfect indifference. The accused received no less than 1,500 answers to this advertisement from persons of all ranks, among whom were marquises and counts, journalists and notaries, coopers, cooks, labourers, &c., most of them accompanied by a photograph of the writer. To all the applicants the defendant replied that he could not place them on his list unless they subscribed to his journal, and this a great number of them did without hesitation. The defendant himself acknowledged that he had received as much as 1,400 fr. (£56) as only one number of the journal appeared, and nothing more was heard of the imaginary lady of fortune, the candidates for her hand denounced him to the police, and he was arrested. Many of them appeared as witnesses before the tribunal, and as their evidence was conclusive the tribunal declared the charges proved, and sentenced the accused to two months' imprisonment.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

THE eleventh anniversary of the Battle of Balaklava was celebrated on Wednesday evening, October 25th, by a banquet at the London Tavern. Sir James Scarlett, K.O.B., presided, supported by the Earl of Cardigan, K.O.B., Lord George Paget, C.B., Major-General Hodge, C.B., and numerous other officers. We need not record the speeches given on the occasion; but at once proceed to give a short description of that memorable battle, forming the subject of the magnificent two-page illustration, which we take the opportunity of publishing in our present number; and which, we feel assured, will be looked upon with pleasure by thousands of our readers.

The battle having raged for a long time, the Turks began to despair, and, to their shame be it recorded, fled before the Russians. They betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies placed on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill, across the valley they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron files up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—Lancers and Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two columns. The first column consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskilleners; the second of the Fourth Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left in two divisions also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the clamping of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left draw breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dash at the Highlanders. The ground lies beneath their horses' feet—gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards, and again run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rises a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great. The Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done," shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. The Russians, however—evidently *corps d'élite*—the light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were still advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing, as our cavalry advance and threaten to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of the Russians. The shock was but for a moment—there was a clash of steel, and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment—"God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy—it was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskilleners and Scots were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass—when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of pasteboard—and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it had met our dragons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength.

The following letter appeared in the "Times," of the 24th inst.:—
GOOD NEWS FOR PORT WINE DRINKERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

SIR, In an article which lately appeared in the *Times*, you refer to the practice which largely prevails in Portugal of more or less brandying the wine intended for this market, and you add, "this brandy is added in order to stop fermentation, and to retain a certain amount of sugar in the wine." The apology for this practice consists in the fact that the appearance of the effium in 1851 necessitated a larger addition of alcohol than heretofore for the preservation of the wine.

Now that the effium has passed away, and the fruit-bearing of the vine is not disturbed by the appearance of disease, it becomes a matter of some importance to reduce the alcoholic properties of port to a minimum of strength. With this view we have endeavoured to secure ports possessing lightness, purity, and quality, and we have just received a parcel equal to about 1,700 dozen from a well-known "quinta" of the Lower Douro.

Our correspondent states that "this wine possesses many of the characteristics of Burgundy—viz., fine colour, great body, and is silky, soft, and extremely dry, combined with great flavour."

It is best, a fully fermented wine.

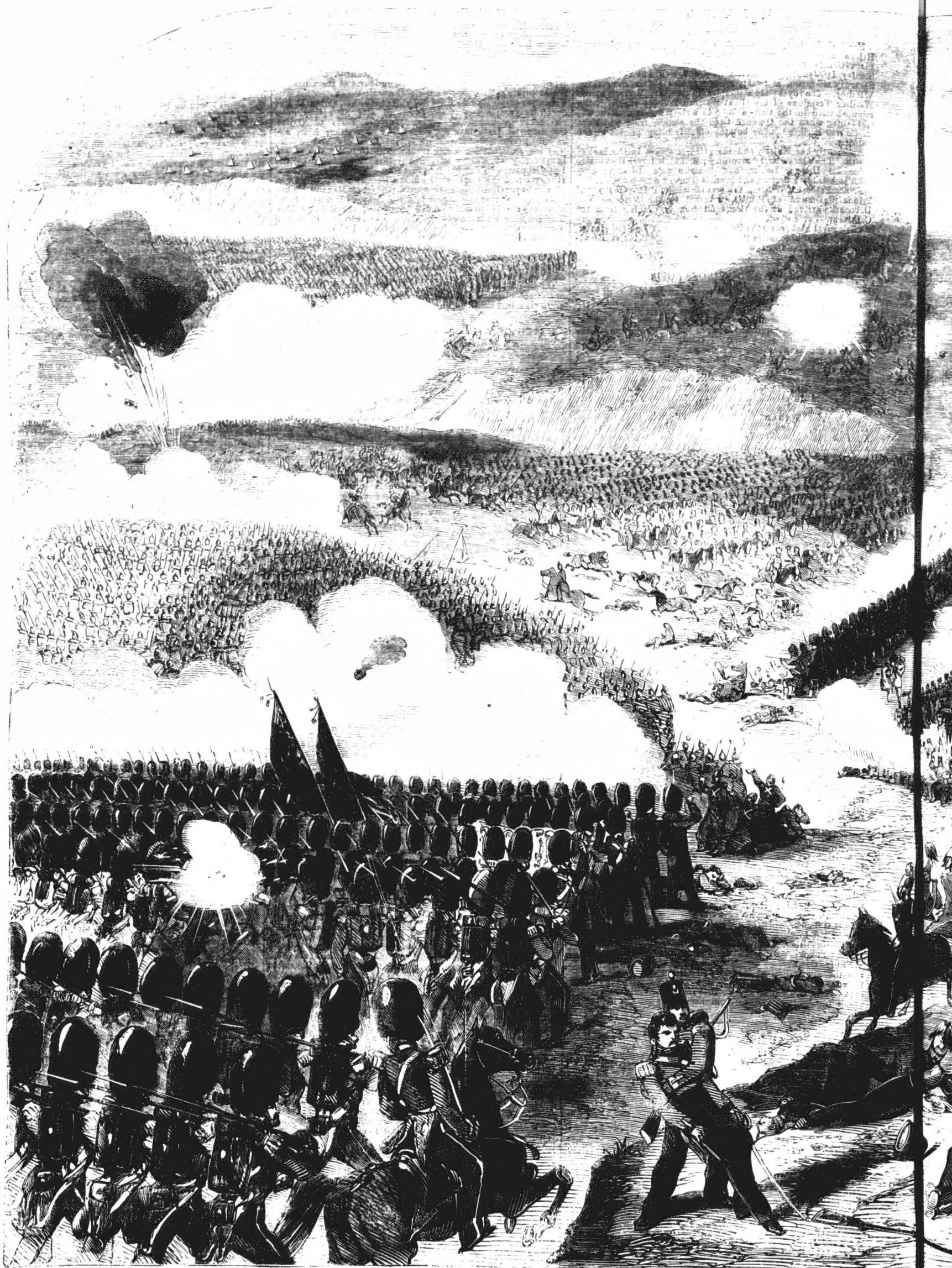
We would only further mention that the price is 3s. per dozen.

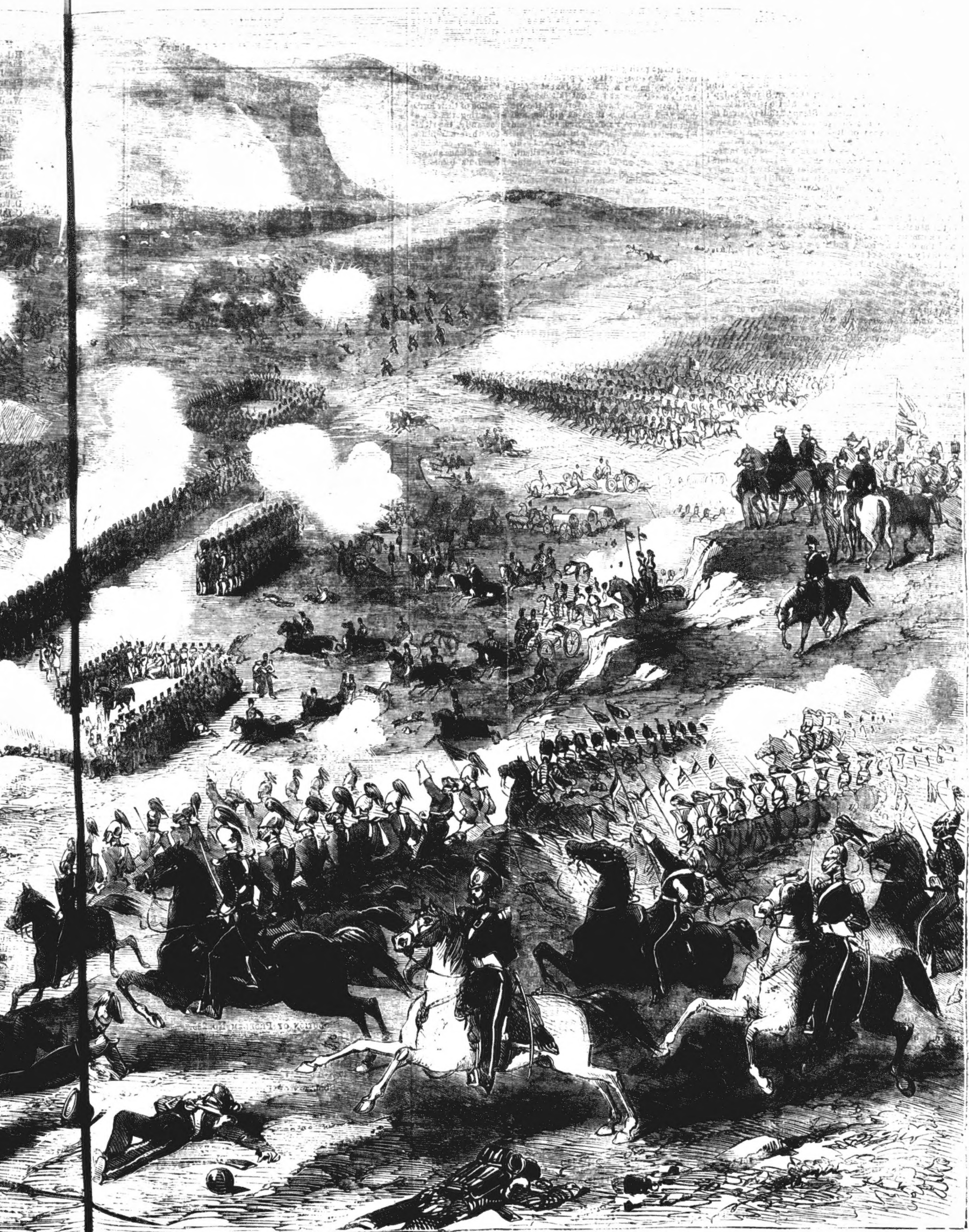
We beg to remain, Sir, your very obedient servants.

H. B. WILLIAMS & CO.

CROSBY HALL, 32, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN.

October 23.





LE OF BALAKLAVA. OCTOBER 25.—THE FINAL CHARGE. (See page 327.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Weber's celebrated opera of "Der Freischütz" was produced here on Saturday evening last, in a most brilliant and effective manner. The cast was exceedingly strong, as may be judged from the following array of names:—Rodolfo, Signor Stagno; Caspar, Mr. Santley; Kuno, Signor Rossi; Kiliant, Signor Casaboni; L'Eremita, Signor Foli; Ottavio, Signor Filippi; Zamel, Signor Taccani; Annetta, Mdlle. Sialco; Bridesmaid, Mdlle. Edi; and Agata, Mdlle. Titians. Signor Arditi received the customary ovation, and the superb overture was warmly encored. Signor Stagno's performance of Rodolfo was unpretending but effective. He is a very promising young artist, and fast rising to the position he merits in Mr. Mapleson's company. Much interest was felt regarding Mr. Santley's Caspar, and general opinion pointed to him as the singer above his contemporaries calculated to carry out Weber's picturesque conception, and it is gratifying to record that his portrayal of the villainous Caspar will stand out among his triumphs on the operatic stage, and bear artistic comparison with any of them. Mr. Santley gave every weight to the character, and never lost sight of the sardonic devilry of the man who lures Rodolfo to the haunted glen. In the incantation scene Mr. Santley acted with uncommon power and impressiveness. The savage exultation of the drinking song, and the air following it, seized firmly upon the sympathies of the public. The former was encored. Of Mdlle. Titians as Agata all that can be said is, she sang the music to perfection. The great prima donna is one of those vocalists too seldom met with, who can infuse an extraordinary amount of feeling into the simplest phrase of melody, and the manner in which she expresses the change in the simple-hearted girl's feelings when she joyfully beholds her lover approaching is one of those transitions for which she is famous. Of the other artists, we need only say that they sustained their several characters with fidelity and care. Great care and trouble had evidently been taken with the entire opera. The "casting of the bullets" episode gave the scenic artist the principal opportunity of showing his skill, and well has Mr. Teibin sustained his reputation. At the casting of the sixth and seventh bullets the pictorial horrors reach their height, and the stage is filled with serpents, enormous skeletons, owls, toads, and other representations of a supernatural order. The scene itself is a rocky defile of savage and gloomy aspect. This incantation scene was made to constitute an entire act, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Teibin was led on by Mr. Santley and Signor Stagno. The whole of the principals were called at the end of the opera. The execution of the orchestral music left but very little to be desired. The house was crowded to excess in every part. "Faust" was produced to another full house on Monday.

COVENT GARDEN.—The principal nights of the present week have been devoted to the opera of "L'Africaine," which was fully noticed in our last. On Thursday week Mr. Henry Haigh, at a few hours' notice, played Vasco di Gama, Mr. Charles Adams being indisposed. He was perfect in the first act, and was called before the curtain. In the subsequent portions of the character the same certainty could not be expected; but Mr. Haigh's success, under the almost overwhelming circumstances, was remarkable. Gounod's comic opera, "The Mook Doctor," was reproduced on Wednesday evening, with certain alterations in the cast of last season. Mrs. Ayndley Cook assumed, for the first time, the character of Martine, the woodcutter's wife. Jacqueline, the huzzam nurse, was undertaken by Miss Leffler, who, as a debutante, was extremely well received. Miss Taittwell is again the Lucretia. Mr. Henry Corri acts with extreme drollery as the sham doctor, and Messrs. Henry Haigh and Ayndley Cook are admirably suited with characters. A ballet, entitled "Gitta la Ballerina," has been produced with great magnificence, and with perfect success.

DRURY LANE.—On Saturday evening last the performances here were varied by the revival of Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar," and the production of a new farce by Mr. Edmund Falconer, entitled "Husbands, Beware!" The farce is of very slight texture, and the plot is evidently derived from the mode of horse-taming adopted by Mr. Barye a few years ago. Miss Hazlewood is the Barye in petticoats who undertakes the task of taming husbands, having reduced her own to the most docile condition; and Mr. G. Belmont is Professor Snailbe, who is the presumed victim to the experiment. These parts are well filled; and with Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss E. Falconer, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. O. Warner, and Mr. F. Barye in the other characters, the piece went briskly off. "Julius Cæsar" is cast with considerable efficiency, and will well serve to occupy the week preceding the more elaborate production of the play of "King John." The Brutus of Mr. Phelps is popularly recognised as a fine example of stage declamation. The impetuous Cassius is well placed in the hands of Mr. Swinbourne, who gives the fiery temper of the Roman its characteristic prominence and testy quality. Mr. James Anderson emphatically delivers the speeches of Marc Antony, and looks, as well as acts, the part with due effectiveness, whilst, in the well-remembered oration, he draws forth the warmest applause of the auditory. The equally familiar quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius enabled Mr. Phelps and Mr. Swinbourne to divide between them a large amount of tributary acclamation. Miss Atkinson was a stately and dignified Portia, and Mrs. Hodgson a satisfactory Calphurnia. Mr. G. Belmont and Mr. J. Cormack gave characteristic effect to the Plebeians. Mr. Edmund Phelps was a youthful-looking Julius Cæsar, and Mr. A. Bayner a bold and burly Cassius. The play was well acted throughout.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. Fechter will commence his season on Monday evening next, November 6th, with a new drama called "The Watch Cry," in which he will represent the principal character.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Saturday evening, Mr. J. O. Cowper, a new actor of some provincial reputation, made his first appearance before a metropolitan audience at this theatre, in the popular play of "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. Cowper enacting the character of Claude Melnotte, and the fair manageress embodying the role of Pauline. This attractive piece has been so frequently placed before the public, that, however talented the new aspirant may be, we cannot now-a-days well expect to find any new or strikingly original interpretation of so really hacknied a part. If Mr. Cowper was unable to strike out any original and special reading of the part, there was certainly an even, pleasant, and very satisfactory interpretation of the enthusiastic gardener's son, and the ambitious lover. Mr. Cowper possesses in an eminent degree the requisites of a good actor; he has a well set, light, and active figure, a good expressive face, and handsome features, a melodious and flexible voice, a redundancy of physical vitality, an extremely graceful deportment and easy style of action. The performance may be characterised as a very judicious and most commendable piece of acting from first to last. Mr. Cowper was warmly greeted on his entrance, heartily applauded throughout, and several times called before the curtain to receive a supplementary expression of generous approbation. Miss Marriott has too often played the part of Pauline Deschappelles to require one word of comment from us, except this, that she rendered the beautiful creation of the poet with all the tenderness and delicacy so distinctive of the character. The house was well attended, and the piece generally well cast. "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and "Othello" have been equally well played during the past week.

NEW ROYALTY.—On Monday a new comic opera, in two acts, was produced at this theatre. The title is "Felix; or, the Festival of Roses," and the libretto is from the pen of Mr. J. Oxen-

ford, and the music by Herr Meyer Lutz. The Prince of Provence (Mr. E. Connell) and Count Felix (Mr. Elliot Galer) are in love with the Countess Matilda (Miss Susan Galton) and Lady Amelia (Miss Blanche Galton). The ladies having determined to test the truth of their lovers, agree each to appear to be most devoted to the other's admirer. They each succeed, and the gentlemen, becoming jealous and doubtful of the faith of women, determine to go roving in disguise, and asking love to every lady they meet. The audience is only permitted to see one encounter, when they come across a peasant, Jannet's (Miss Fanny Reeves), with whom the Prince and Count fall deeply in love. The Countess and Lady Amelia, having overheard the conversation of their lords, determine to follow them as gipsies, and so getting the ear of Jannette, the incogs are exposed, and all ends pleasantly, the rightful couples coming together in the end, wiser for their adventure. There are some most pleasing trios, and some of the songs, especially those allotted to Mr. Galer, were excellent. The audience showed their appreciation of the music by calling Herr Lutz before the curtain at the close of the first and second acts. The burlesque of "Prince Amabel" concluded the performance. A New Royalty edition of "Dido," after the style and from the same pen as "Ixion," is announced as in preparation.

CABINET.—This little theatre opened for the winter season on Saturday night with "Magic Toys," two new operettas entitled "Genevieve" and "The Gipsy Girl," the whole concluding with a new farce called "A Night's Frolic." We are unable to speak in very favourable terms of the company generally, at least as respects the male element. Miss Estelle Bodenham, by her vivacity in an Irish jig, obtained a large share of applause. But the most legitimate performance of the evening was the acting of Miss Fanny Hunt, first as Ergandula, in "Magic Toys," and then by her very artistic acting of Angelina in "A Night's Frolic." Here, indeed, with Mr. A. F. Saville's Jeremiah Woodcock, she was the sole support of the piece. The other parts, though respectfully played, require little notice.

ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Highbury.—This elegant little theatre, which adjoins Highbury Barn, was opened by Mr. Giovannelli, for the winter season, on Saturday. The first piece was a little drama, adapted from the French, entitled "Fifteen Years of Labour Lost; or, the Man who Never Saw a Woman." The great attraction, however, is "Ixion; or, The Man at the Wheel." Mr. Giovannelli has shown his determination that nothing on his part shall be wanting to render the theatre attractive by the excellent manner in which he has put this burlesque on the stage. The new scenery, by Mr. Fenouillet, is most effective. Miss Eliza Hamilton makes a dashing Ixion, and Miss Fanny Gwynne, as Juno, performed her part with a smartness that earned for her the frequent applause of the audience. Mr. Giovannelli, as Mercury, introduces some capital dances—amongst them a very clever "break-down," which was vociferously encored. Miss Louisa Collier, too, as Venus, contributes much to the success of the piece, and as Minerva, Mr. J. G. Taylor by every look, action, and observation provoked the laughter, and brought down the applause of the house. Mr. Giovannelli was called for and cheered. He thanked the audience for this mark of approval, and expressed a hope that "Ixion" would continue as attractive as it appeared to have been on the first night; if so, it would be performed nightly till Christmas.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The fourth winter concert of the season was given on Saturday last, before a densely-crowded assembly. Miss Emily Solenne, Signor Foli, and Mdlle. Sarolta were the vocalists; Signor Li Calisti the solo pianist.

THE FRENCH GIANT.—St. James's Hall presented on Saturday last an extraordinary combination of popular entertainments, and the performance attracted an audience which filled to overflowing every portion of the spacious edifice. The boys of the Duke of York's School occupied the whole of the gallery, and were accompanied by their band, which performed very effectively a selection of modern popular music. Professor Anderson gave a short *seance*. The "great Macabre" next appeared in two of his mimetic sketches. The great novelty of the day then followed. Mr. J. Broce, or "Anak of Anakim," as he is more fancifully designated, the great French Giant, from the Vosges Mountains, made his first public appearance upon this occasion, and it was in its way one of a very imposing description. A slight ballet piece, in which a number of young people, including little "Tom Dot," are the only actors, served to herald his advent, and the tiny group by which he was thus surrounded brought into stronger prominence his enormous stature. We have in him, as far as it is possible we should have, a veritable member of the race of Anak. He is apparently about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He is eight feet high, and he weighs thirty stone. There is nothing awkward or inharmonious in his form, although all his limbs are cast in the true Titanic mould. The width of his body, round the chest, is four feet six inches; his feet are sixteen inches long; his powerful hands look as if they could grasp a young forest tree, and they could, we have no doubt, wield with ease the sword of any giant of medieval romance. His features are large and massive, and yet their expression is unusually, and even singularly, delicate and gentle. His eyes have a soft, thoughtful gaze, and his whole bearing is modest and kindly. In this respect, as well as in the darkness of his complexion, he resembles Chang, the Chinese giant, whom, however, he decidedly surpasses in the magnitude and solidity of his whole figure.

DEATH OF SIGNOR GIUGLINI.—Antonio Giuglini, one of the most accomplished tenors of modern times, died on the 12th ult., at an asylum in Pesaro, where his friends had placed him soon after his arrival in Italy. Such a result of his attack at St. Petersburg last winter was not unexpected, and indeed for some time before his death all his medical attendants held out little hopes of his surviving, while no hope whatsoever was given of his ultimate recovery. Under these circumstances his release from the pitiable state in which the fearful malady with which he was afflicted had placed him must be considered a mercy. The loss of Giuglini to the operatic world is hardly yet understood. He was one of the greatest favourites known for many years at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the vacancy left by his death, as far as we are now enabled to judge, is impossible to fill. Signor Giuglini was in his fortieth year. He was a kind and gentle creature, and much beloved by all who knew him.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

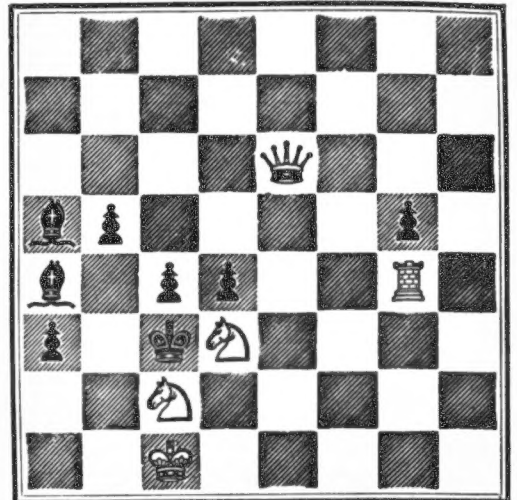
A full house was anticipated on Monday afternoon, but that any speculation of consequences would take place was not expected. Nor were such conjectures or anticipations at fault, for there was a large and influential assemblage of the old *habitués*, genuine supporters and patrons of the turf. Sitting on the past Houghton meeting was conducted on a large scale throughout the afternoon, and judging by the appearance of things matters were "easy" enough, although in such cases there is the inevitable percentage of grumblers, who will talk and growl if the uttermost "silver" be not forthcoming. Closing prices:—

DEBUT.—40 to 1 agt the Marquis of Hastings's Blue Riband (t); 40 to 1 agt Lord Ailesbury's c by Stockwell—Brbery (t); 1,000 to 15 agt the Hon. S. Hawke's c by Stockwell—Midsummer (t).

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Hornsman's Tea are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Hornsman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

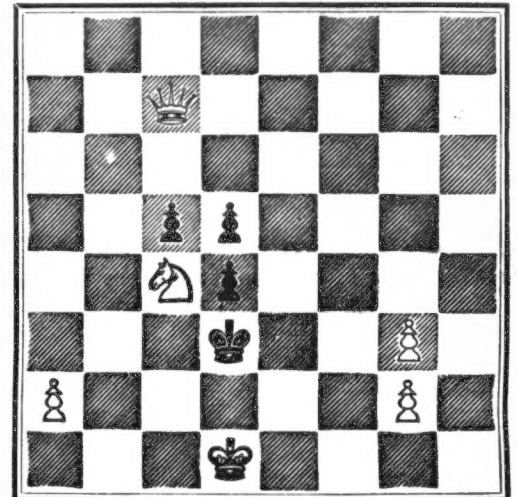
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 307.—By C. W. (of Sunbury).
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 308.—By R. B. W. For Beginners.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 282.

- | White. | Black. |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. R to Q 2 (ch) | 1. K to K 5 |
| 2. Q to K B 5 | 2. Kt to Q B 4 (a) |
| 3. Kt to Q 6 (ch) | 3. Kt takes Kt |
| 4. R to Q 4 mate | |
| 2. | (a) 2. Kt to K Kt 6 |
| 3. Kt to Q 6 | 3. K to K 4 |
| 4. Q mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 283.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 1. B to Q Kt 7 (ch) | 1. K moves |
| 2. P to B 4 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 284.

- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Kt to Q B square | 1. B takes Kt, or (a, b, c) |
| 2. Q to Q R 8 (ch) | 2. K to K 8 |
| 3. Q to Q R 2, mating | |
| 1. | (a) 1. Kt to B 6, or Kt 7 |
| 2. B to Q B 3 | 2. Anything |
| 3. Q mates | |
| 1. | (b) 1. P takes Kt, becoming a Kt |
| 2. B to Q B 3 (ch) | 2. B interposes |
| 3. Q takes Kt, mating | |
| 1. | (c) 1. P takes Kt, becoming a Q |
| 2. Q to Q R 8 (ch) | 2. Anything |
| 3. Q mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 285.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 1. B to Q 4 | 1. P to K 6 |
| 2. P to Q Kt 3 | 2. K to K 5 |
| 3. B takes P (ch) | 3. K takes B |
| 4. Kt to K B 6 mate | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 286.

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. P takes P | 1. Q to K B 4, or (a, b) |
| 2. Q to B 4 (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q to B 6, mating | |
| 1. | (a) 1. Q to K 6 (ch) |
| 2. Q takes Q | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q to K 5, mating | |
| 1. | (b) 1. Q to Q 2 (ch) |
| 2. K takes Q | 2. P moves |
| 3. Q to K 5, mating | |

J. W.—The catalogue to which you allude, can be obtained through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

F. WILLIAMS.—White has the better game, but as the adverse Bishops are on different colours, it will require great care to win. Your problem shall be examined, and published if found up to the mark.

Lads and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANSLION HOUSE.

THE REFORMATORY AT STOKES FARM, WORCESTERSHIRE.—A lad, 14 years of age named John Fay, a gu.-arrested boy, was brought before the Lord Mayor the other day, at the Mansion House, on his own confession of having absconded about three weeks since from Stoke Farm Reformatory, Worcestershire, whither he had been sent from Birmingham for four years for having committed a felony. His answers to a variety of questions put to him by the Lord Mayor were somewhat novel and extraordinary. He admitted candidly that he had been concerned with a man in stealing a quantity of brass in Birmingham; that this was not his first offence; and that he had served three years out of the four at the Stoke Farm Reformatory; and he said that he then absconded because he disliked the severity of the discipline, and felt a sort of horror at undergoing a fourth year of it. He said also he had been whipped there with a birch rod; that the quantity of food doled out to the boys in the winter season was less than that given in the summer; that the boys associated together at play-hours, and related to each other the particulars of the various burglaries, highway robberies, and thefts they had perpetrated; that he who had committed the most daring acts, and was most successful in plundering the public to the greatest extent, was considered to be the cleverest in the reformatory; and that he imparted instructions to the others, drawn from his own experience, as to the most approved methods of robbing their respective friends and neighbours, when their several terms of servitude for their past offences expired. Other revelations to the same effect were made by the lad, who is extremely intelligent and acute; and after the Lord Mayor had listened most attentively to all he had to say, he was remanded until Saturday, in order that the heads of the reformatory at Stoke Farm might be communicated with, and that some one or more of them should come up to town, and take the prisoner back to Worcestershire, there to be dealt with by the authorities for his confessed crime of having absconded before his period of servitude had expired. Accordingly on Saturday, pursuant to the remand, he was again placed at the bar, dressed better than he was on the last occasion. For now, in addition to the coarse trousers and shirt in which only he was then clad, he had on a jacket and a pair of shoes. The Lord Mayor was again upon the bench, and Mr. Manning, the resident master at the Stoke Farm Reformatory, was present. In reply to the Lord Mayor, Mr. Manning said he was fully able to identify the lad, who had given him his correct name and had truly stated the nature of the offence for which he had been sent for four years to the reformatory—that of stealing a quantity of brass in Birmingham. It was true also that he had served three years of his time, and that he had absconded about three weeks since, and it was most probably the case that he had, as he stated at the former examination, proceeded from the reformatory direct to Birmingham, tramped the journey thence in four days to London, and begged unsuccessfully in the streets of the metropolis up to the time that he felt compelled to surrender himself as an absconder at the station-house in Bishopsgate. The Lord Mayor said that a more intelligent youth of fourteen he had never seen in the dock than this lad was. Mr. Manning was probably aware that certain statements had been made by him which would tend to show that the reformatory at Stoke Farm was not likely to be so productive of good to the boys in their future career in life as every well-wisher of such institutions would desire. He asked whether any practical results upon that head could be shown. Mr. Manning said he was extremely sorry that he had not brought with him some statistical details, the reading of which would convince his lordship that the very best results had followed from a servitude of three or four years in that reformatory. But, as it was, he might state generally that some of the boys who had served in it and had been liberated, and were now grown to years of manhood, were working industriously as farm labourers in the neighbourhood, and that others had married and settled there, and were conducting themselves in a very creditable and exemplary manner in various kinds of business. The Lord Mayor said he was very glad to hear such an account. The lad, however, said that all the boys slept in the same room and talked together; that they recounted to each other the various criminal deeds they had committed; and that he was considered the hero of the day who had perpetrated the greatest number of outrages upon society. His lordship asked how this was. Mr. Manning replied that to prevent the intermixture of the boys in the day-time at their meals and play, and their talking together, would be a very difficult thing. It was not exactly true that they all slept in the same room, for there were six bed-rooms in the establishment, and the largest of these had only twenty-one beds in it. Besides, the agents or overseers slept in the same room with the boys. The whole place was under the inspection of the magistrates of the district, and of the Government Inspector, who had always reported most favourably of it. The Lord Mayor said one complaint of the prisoner was that the boys did not get food enough, that the rations served out in the winter were less in quantity and inferior in quality to the rations served in the summer; but that was a statement which he (the Lord Mayor) said at the time he did not believe, his impression being that the rations were the same all the year round. Mr. Manning asked whether his lordship would allow him to tell him what the fare of the boys really was? The Lord Mayor said he would be most happy to hear it. Mr. Manning stated that the reformatory was managed as nearly as possible upon the plan of a large farmhouse. They had a farm attached to it and they baked their own bread, they kept their own cows, and they made their own butter. The boys breakfasted at ten o'clock every morning, and at that meal each of them was given ten ounces of bread and a basin of good milk. The quantity of bread was weighed out, and therefore there could be no mistake about it. It was true that the larger boys often succeeded in possessing themselves of larger slices than did others that were smaller, but generally speaking ten ounces of bread was given to all alike. Then they had a one o'clock dinner, on four days in the week they had meat, and on the other two days they had from eighteen to twenty ounces each of sweet pudding. The reformatory had no subscriptions or donations given to it, but it received a Government allowance. It was situated entirely on Mrs. Sturge's property, and by her it was most liberally supported. It was founded and carried on originally by the late Mr. Sturge, of Birmingham, who placed confidence in the superintendent and others, and left everything very much to their discretion. Mrs. Sturge acted precisely on the same principle. The Lord Mayor said his opinion always was that prisoners were too well treated. It certainly seemed to him that the boys at this reformatory were very well fed, and that they were given quite sufficient food to induce them to stop rather than abscond. He asked whether there were many absconders. Mr. Manning replied that a few boys sometimes took it into their heads to run away to France and Ireland, but they generally came back again of their own accord very quickly. The Lord Mayor said, "I am sorry the prisoner to be given up to you, do you think he will run away from you on your way to Worcestershire?" Mr. Manning: Oh, no; I believe he is rather anxious to come back. The Lord Mayor: I should think he ought to be, when you feed him on plenty of bread and milk, meat, and sweet pudding. The lad was then given up to Mr. Manning to be taken back to Worcestershire, to be dealt with by the magistrates of the district of Stoke Farm for his offence of absconding from the reformatory.

BOW STREET.

A FORTY-BROGUE.—A queer-looking little old man, dirty, ragged, and emaciated, named John O'Connell, was charged for about the twentieth time with entering the court, and even before reaching his place in the dock, the prisoner began to harangue the magistrate upon the equality and injustice of the police in persecuting such a poor old man as he. "Your worship," said the prisoner, "a person who has once been brought here is always liable to be brought again, and no attention is paid to anything he says for himself." It appeared that the prisoner had been given into the custody of Police-constable 109 F by Mr. Bennett, a tradesman in Houghton-street, Clarendon-market. He had knocked at the window of Mr. Bennett's house, and addressed him in a beseeching tone, but there was no evidence as to the words he made use of. When taken he produced some purses, and said he was offering them for sale. When he was searched at the station-house he was found to have a £10, which he had lent to a friend, were found on him. He was very abusive to the officer. The prisoner: The man was offensive in his manner, and I rebuked him. I am a very poor man, but I am a man of talent and can write beautiful verses. *Je suis Français* (I am French). I am not in want of money. If you will spare my life this time I will go away, and never come back to this town again. Let an officer see me out of the town, and I will pay his expenses. Mr. Flowers: I think the less you say the better, for I don't see that there is any case against you. There is really no evidence that you were begging, though of course you may have been, and most probably were. (To the gaoler): Is he a Frenchman? Badaud, the gaoler, replied that he was not. He was very well known here, having been frequently charged with begging. He was a translator of French documents and books, and no doubt a man of considerable ability. Mr. Flowers: It is disgraceful that a man of your education and position should go about begging—that is if you were really doing so. But as it is not clearly proved you must be discharged. The prisoner: God bless you, and every one in court. I have only two years to live, and I will pray for you every day. He had not long been released when he was again brought up in custody of Woodcock, one of the officers of the Metropolitan Society, who had seen him stop three or four gentlemen in the street and ask them to relieve him. One gentleman gave him money. The prisoner entered into a rambling

statement as to the variety and excellence of his poetical compositions, including his harangues in French and English alternately, and displaying equal volubility in both. Some of his observations created considerable amusement, as when he said, with reference to the officer Woodcock, "I don't wish to speak disparagingly of the young gentlemen; I wish him every success in his profession." He also declared that if he died in the work-house his body would be given to the doctors to anatomize, the fat would be made into soap, and the bones into ivory dust. Mr. Flowers committed him for one month.

WESTMINSTER.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—About a fortnight ago two shabbily-dressed fellows were charged with defrauding a German of £5 and a 1,000 dollar bond of the United States. When taken into custody they were each found in possession of a number of flash notes and sham cheques with three paying cards, and were described by the police as swindlers, as shillies and card sharps, and "muggers." They were remanded to give them for an answer from the prosecutor, who had been communicated with at Berlin, and to ascertain whether the Bank of England would prosecute for the possession of the flash notes. The detective engaged in the case now stated that he had received a reply from the prosecutor, who said he had not the means of defraying his expenses to this country. Witness had been to the Bank of England, and the authorities declined to prosecute. Mr. Selfe, addressing the prisoners, said: John Henry Bardsell and Jacob Steinmann, you are two swindlers. That is, however, no information to you, for you well know it, and I am very sorry that you have the luck to escape punishment. You are two people who live by defrauding and swindling the unwary. I shall see you again shortly, or you will be heard of before some other tribunal, for a career like yours will soon be stopped. You, Steinmann, go about in a false name, and swindle yourself as a wine merchant; but it is not usual for wine merchants to have flash notes concealed in the lining of their hats to cheat and defraud the simple. Much regret to say that a defect in law prevents my dealing with you, and the Bank of England, in the exercise of a wise discretion, don't prosecute, and you are let loose to prey again upon the public; but you are well known, and marked, and may depend upon it will be closely looked after, and will have as little opportunity as possible of living upon the honest and unsuspecting. You are now discharged. Prisoners: Ah! we have our watches and other property given up to us? Mr. Selfe: I make no order. I have no doubt your property is the result of fraud. You won't have your flash notes, you may depend.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

ATTEMPTED FRAUD UPON THE CHARITABLE.—Elizabeth Hemley, who described herself as a cook, of Litchfield-street, Staffordshire, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with unlawfully endeavouring to procure charitable contributions under false and fraudulent pretences. Mr. William Copeland, of the firm of Copeland and Co., china warehousemen, Staffordshire and New Bond-street, said that on the 15th of April last the prisoner came to his place of business, No. 16, New Bond-street, and told him a very plausible tale—to the effect that she had been housekeeper to Mr. Spode, of Rugeley, Staffs., where, she said, she had come up to London to see her brother off, who was going abroad, that her pocket had been picked at the railway station, and that in consequence she was without means, and asked him to assist her. She asked for life, but he gave her a sovereign, believing her story to be true. He afterwards wrote to Mr. Spode and received a letter from that gentleman, from which it appeared that the prisoner had been some time ago in his service, but discharged in consequence of her misconduct, and that she had been in debt more than once, and had subsequently annoyed Mr. Spode. He (Mr. Copeland) subsequently made inquiries, and ascertained that the prisoner had been to all the Staffordshire families in town with a similar tale, obtaining, and endeavouring to obtain, charitable contributions. An advertisement was then inserted in some of the newspapers cautioning the public against the prisoner. Afterwards seeing a report in a newspaper of a case before Mr. Mansfield, in which it appeared that the prisoner had, by a similar tale to that told him (Mr. Copeland), obtained money from Colonel Wetherill, he communicated with the police, and on the prisoner being liberated from prison, after undergoing the punishment imposed by Mr. Mansfield, she was again taken into custody. Henry Dawson, 301 A, said that he was the one who wrote the letter from Mr. Spode to Mr. Tyrwhitt; the prisoner said she had no questions to ask. Dawson said that he apprehended the prisoner that morning on her coming out of the Westminster Bridewell, where she had been undergoing three months' imprisonment. He told her that she was charged with obtaining £1 from Mr. Copeland, of New Bond-street, by false pretences, when she replied, "Yes, I did have it, and I expected some one here this morning for me." He wished for a remand. The prisoner said she was giddy. She did borrow the money. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked whether anything was said about the money being lent. Mr. Copeland said, Nothing of the kind. The prisoner, who has been convicted at this court and at Marlborough, was then remanded.

WORSHIP STREET.

A "CLEVER" CHARGED WITH BURGLARY.—Charles Evans, 45, describing himself as a clerk with no home, was charged before Mr. Elliott with breaking into and robbing a house. Mr. James Swan, a merchant residing in Approach-road, Victoria-park, was seated in his breakfast-parlour, conversing with Mr. John Houston, a merchant of the Old Jewry-chambers, about four o'clock in the morning of the 4th inst., when the housemaid, who was upstairs, called out in alarm that she could see a man hiding himself in the garden next door. Mr. Swan and Mr. Houston ran out, and on looking over the wall they saw the prisoner, who, upon seeing them, ran through the ground into a third garden, pursued by the witnesses. They at length got up to and secured him. Just as Covington, one of the party night watchmen, stopped his escape the other by scaling three walls at the rear of other houses. He had neither shoes nor stockings on, but on Covington taking him back to where he was first seen, a pair of side-spring boots, almost new, were found there, which the prisoner claimed as his and put on. On Covington asking him what business he had there, the prisoner said, "I am hard up; I am a clerk, I have only just arrived from Melbourne, and have not broken my fast for three days." As nothing had been stolen he was charged with being in the premises for an unlawful purpose, and on searching him at the station a razor and shaving-brush were found on him, with three duplicates, one for a frock coat and four shirts, the second for a silver hammer and gold Albert chain, and the third for a silver jug, pledged in the name of Anderson, on the 16th ult. in Westminster-bridge road for £1. The prisoner, who said his statement was true about having come from Australia, as he had only returned here in June, was ordered next day to be remanded, Woolcock, 391 K, the constable in the case, expressing a conviction that the articles mentioned in the duplicate found on the prisoner, had been stolen from Mr. James Ash, a naval architect, residing at 10, Tredgarn-square, St. John's-road, and stated that on returning to read on the night of the 11th ult. he carefully secured his premises, but was aroused the next morning with the information that his front door had been found open. On going down he found the back door also open, and on examining the house found that it had been entered during the night by thieves, who had stolen a silver tankard, a silver cream jug, a silver salver, a fish slice, black frock coat, table-cover, and pair of new boots, in the whole worth £25. All he had seen since of his property were the pair of boots found on the prisoner's feet, who were new and with a guinea worth stolen from under his sideboard. The silver cream jug, now produced by a pawnbroker, which had his initials on it, was worth £10 and was a rowing match prize. He knew nothing of the prisoner, who, to the best of his recollection, he had never seen before. The prisoner said he was not his, but that the articles were, as he had bought both the watch and chain when in Victoria. Mr. Elliott ordered him to be fully committed for trial.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF A MODERN JEREMY DIDDLE.—Joseph Broadbent, alias West, aged 40, who has been for a long time the occupant of a small house at Old Ford, Bow, which he has dignified by the name of "Clay Hall Works," and who has also rented an unfurnished office as "Broadbent, Brothers, and Co., Ltd., No. 34, Aldermanbury, City," was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with defrauding many tradesmen of goods and money by false pretences. Mr. Joseph Smith, solicitor, defended the prisoner. Inspector Kersey said a warrant was granted for the apprehension of the prisoner in August last, since which time he had been too active for the officers in search of him, but he was once caught a fortnight since on being accosted as Mr. Broadbent, and, "Oh, dear me, Broadbent, what an odd name, my name is West," and ran away. He should only proceed with two cases. The one would be twenty or thirty more if the prisoner was remanded. It appeared that the prisoner had victimized many tradesmen by representing he was head of the firm of Broadbent, Brothers, Clay Hall Works, Old Ford, Bow, and 34, Aldermanbury, City. He obtained supplies of everything he required, and presented cheques for the debts he owed, receiving balances of his victims for each cheque was made out for a sum over and above the amount owing by him. The cheques were in every instance endorsed dishonoured. Mr. Henry Broadbent, now aged 35, High-street, Bow, said the prisoner was indebted to him £12 for newspapers. On the 25th of July last the prisoner's daughter came to him with a cheque for £2 on the General London Bank (Limited), No. 27, James-street, Covent-garden, and said she

had been sent by her father to pay the debt, and asked for the difference. He gave her 8s and a receipt. The cheque was returned dishonoured. In cross-examination by Mr. Joseph Smith, the witness said a person named Nicholls waited up in him with the money after the cheque was dishonoured, but he refused to accept it because he thought it would be compromising a felony. The prisoner had no account at the General London Bank. Mr. John Taylor, Jan of Aro-place, Old Ford, Bow, grocer and cheese-monger, said the prisoner was in his debt £43 3s. at the close of last year for goods supplied. On the 14th of January the prisoner brought him a cheque on the London, Birmingham, and North Staffordshire Bank (Limited), No. 100, Cheap-side, for £5 15s., and he gave him the difference £1 9s. The cheque was sent to the bank, and returned with the words "Dishonoured, no account," written on it. Edward Cable, 241, E. a police constable, said he took the prisoner into custody last night, at his office, 36, Aldermanbury. He told him he held a warrant against him for defrauding Mr. Elverston. The prisoner said he had already sent the money to him. He said to the prisoner: "Your name is Broadbent," to which he replied, "No, it is not. You have made a mistake. My name is West." A voice at the back of the court here called out, "He has done me." "And me too," exclaimed another. Mr. Partridge said there was no occasion to go into any more cases at present. He remanded the prisoner for a week.

SOUTHWARE.

ATTEMPTED FRAUD.—George Loseby Worth, alias Captain Middleton, alias Bone, who formerly kept a large drapery establishment at Islington, and who had lately resided on his freehold property at Lightwater, near Highbury, was placed at the bar for final examination, charged with attempting to extort £200 from the South-Eastern Railway Company by pretending that he had a brother seriously injured by the Staplehurst accident. Mr. Stevens, from the company's law office, prosecuted; and Mr. Beal defended the accused. It will be recollected that the prisoner was remanded for the attendance of Dr. Adams, the company's medical adviser. Dr. John Adams was now sworn. He said he was one of the counsel of the Royal College of Surgeons, and medical adviser to the South-Eastern Railway Company. In January a letter was received, signed "Dr. Stewart," which he replied to, and received the following letter:—

"Sir—Your letter, wrongly addressed, and my temporary absence, has caused some delay. Mr. John Worth has sustained injury to his head and shoulder. The shock he had a somewhat serious effect upon his system, which will require months to overcome. No danger, however, is to be apprehended, but at first it is advisable to have him kept perfectly quiet and away from most of his friends."

"O. J. Stewart, Surgeon, Lightwater."

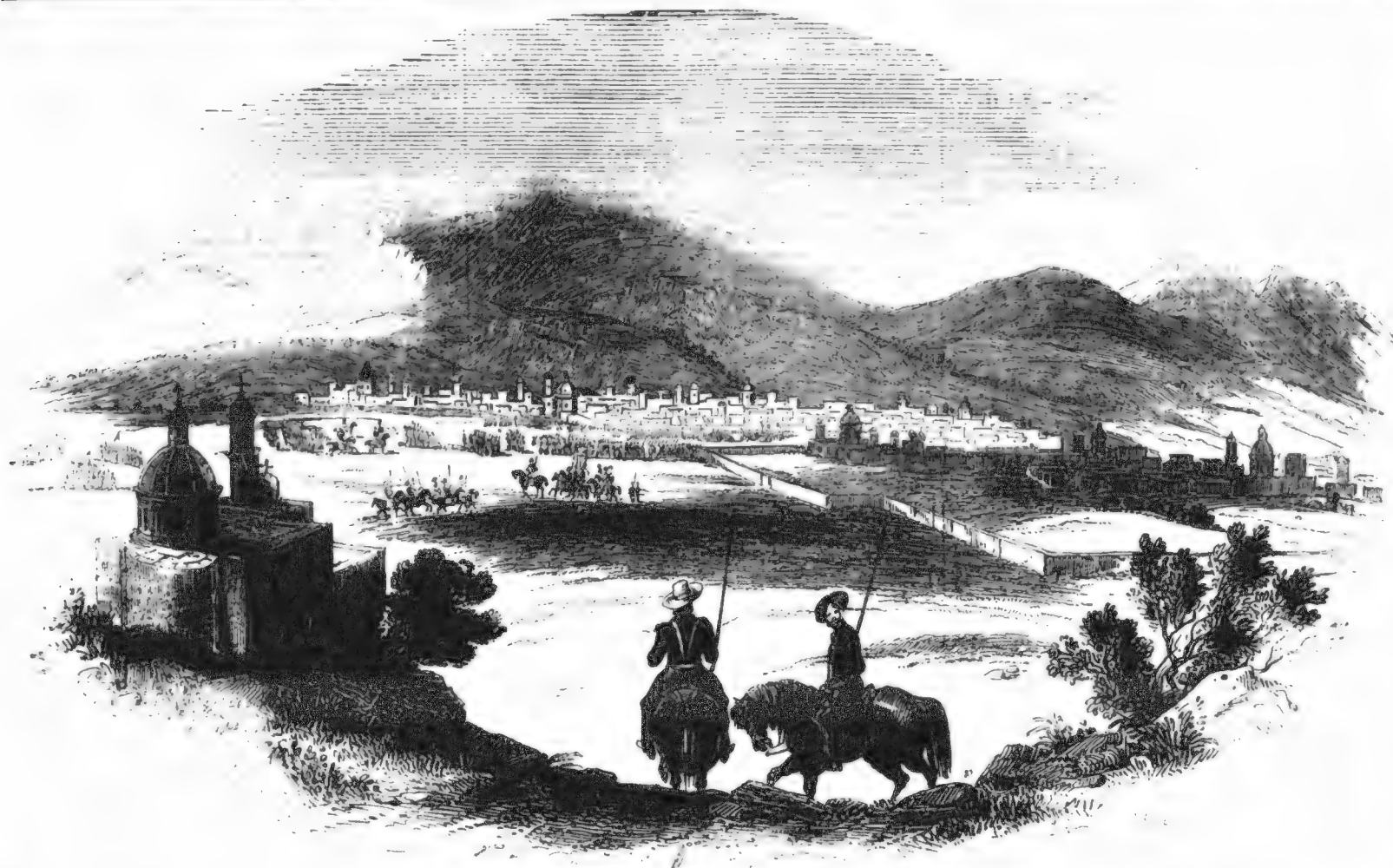
In consequence of that letter the present proceedings were instituted. Samuel Brown, a freeholder residing at Lightwater, said he knew the prisoner as Captain Middleton, residing at Prospect-cottage, and the only persons living with him were his wife and son. No brother or person of the name of Worth ever lived with him, and he never heard of any one there being injured by a railway accident. Thomas Dodds said his house adjoined the prisoner's. He was on terms of intimacy with him, and he never heard of any one there being injured by any railway accident. He knew the prisoner as Captain Middleton. He asked him whether he was a captain in the regular army or volunteers. He told him he belonged to the volunteers, which was a great expense to him. He said it cost him at least £10 a year to take his men out. (Laughter.) No one of the name of Worth resided in the parish or district since March last. Sergeant Strickland said he understood that the prisoner had obtained £10 from the Midland Railway under the name of "B. Booth, Esq." The magistrate said that charge was not before him. All he had to do was to deal with the case in the regular way. He, therefore, committed him for trial for attempting to extort £200 from the South-Eastern Railway Company, and agreed to accept responsible bail, him in £100, and two sureties of £100 each. The required sureties not being forthcoming, the prisoner was committed to Horse-monger-lane Gaol.

HAMMERSMITH.

VERY SUSPICIOUS.—Samuel Edwards, a respectable, middle-aged, and portly looking man, who was described as a traveller, was brought up on remand, charged with obtaining £1 2s. 6d. by false representations. It appeared from the evidence that on the 16th inst. the prisoner went to the house of Mrs. Fanny Gray, of No. 2, Springfield-terrace, Waltham-green, and looked at some apartments to let, representing that he wanted them for himself and wife. He went again two days afterwards and said he had settled upon taking the apartments. He represented that he was employed at the Imperial Gas Works in Fulham, that the company allowed him 15s. a week for apartments, and also paid him a month's salary in advance. He asked the prosecutrix to accompany him to the gas-works, to receive a month's rent in advance, and said that he had some money to collect, and would return at three o'clock, by which time she was to be ready to go with him. About two hours afterwards he returned, and said he had lost a bag containing £20, and that he had given a cabman in charge at Waltham Station. He also said that he must first go to Paddington Station for his boxes. He and the prosecutrix got into a cab with him, she believing that they would go to the gas-works after they had been to Paddington. On the way the prosecutrix advised the prisoner to obtain the assistance of a solicitor with regard to the loss of his bag; and while passing Pall-mall-terrace, Kensington, she pointed out to him a solicitor's office. The prisoner stopped the cab and got out, with the intention of seeking an interview with the solicitor. After a time he returned, and said the solicitor would not undertake the case for less than two guineas. The prisoner also represented that he had only 19s. 6d., and asked the prosecutrix whether she had any money in her pocket. She replied in the affirmative, and gave him £1 2s. 6d. He went away as if going to the solicitor's office. The prosecutrix, however, looked out of the cab window, and saw him go into a public-house, and afterwards walk past the solicitor's office, and down a narrow lane. She quickly jumped out of the cab, followed him, and gave him into custody. Two other females proved that on the 16th inst. the prisoner went to their houses to look at their apartments they had to let. The husband of one said he believed the object was to steal what he could, or to "set" his premises for burglary. He (the husband) loaded his pistol, as he fully expected a midnight attack. At further appeared that eighteen keys were found upon the prisoner, and one of them opened Mrs. Gray's door. On the last occasion that the prisoner went to her house she found him inside, though the door had been shut. Mr. Ingham, who deposed upon dealing with the case under the Vagrant Act, called upon the prisoner to explain how he got into the house. The prisoner, who appeared to be suffering great bodily pain, said the door was open and he went in. He pleaded guilty to the other charge, and wished for the prosecutrix to have her money returned. His illness since he had been in custody had brought him to repentance. Mr. Ingham said he believed the prisoner went to the house of the prosecutrix for an unlawful purpose, and he, therefore, committed him to prison for three months with hard labour.

HIGHGATE.

SHOCKING CAUSITY TO A HORSE.—Mr. Alfred Morgan, a chemist and livery-stable keeper, of Dalston, was charged on a warrant, before Messrs. Borkin, Jackson, and Miles, with having wantonly and cruelly ill-treated a horse; and Henry Walton, his servant, was charged with aiding and abetting in the offence. The prisoners pleaded guilty to the charge. Mr. Love, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, prosecuted, and reminded the jury that the prisoners were now charged before them on a writ, in consequence of their disobedience of summonses in the first instance. Mr. Love said the facts of the case were that, on the 28th of last month, the defendant Morgan, together with the groom Walter, left Dalston in a dogcart to proceed to Barnet, and in the afternoon of that day, at about three o'clock, they stopped at a public-house at Finchley-common, where they partook of a quantity of spirits, and at that time they were both the worse for liquor. They afterwards proceeded on their road to Barnet, returning to Finchley-common at half-past five. They were seen coming down the hill driving at a furious pace, and suddenly the horse was pulled up, going upon its haunches, opposite the Green Man public-house. The defendant Morgan was seen standing up in the cart lashing the horse most cruelly about all parts of its body for some time. He then got out of the cart and lashed the animal about the legs. He again got into the cart and lashed the horse as before, and ultimately got out again and beat it in a savage manner about the head with the butt end of the whip, the horse being given with such violence as to make the horse stagger. The beating was kept up for half an hour, and the horse was covered with sweat and weals as large as a tobacco pipe and of great length. During the time the defendant Morgan was ill-using the horse the other defendant was holding it tightly in, preventing it from going on; and Morgan, whilst flogging the animal, was heard to say to Walter to "hold the— in, and not allow him to go on." Both prisoners at that time were quite drunk, and upon being reconfronted with by persons who witnessed the transaction, Morgan launched out with a volley of abuse. The end of it was that both prisoners put up at the Green Man Inn. Several respectable witnesses were called by Mr. Love, their evidence fully bearing out the above facts. The defence set up was that the horse was a confirmed "jibber," but the witnesses, upon being recalled, stated that they saw no "jibbing." The horse would have gone very well, but was prevented by the prisoner. The bench said there could be no doubt that the horse had been most disgracefully and cruelly treated by the prisoners whilst there were in a state of intoxication. The prisoner Morgan's conduct was by far the worst of the two, and he must pay a fine of 80s. including costs, or seven days' hard labour. Walton was ordered to pay 11s. costs. The money was subsequently paid.



THE WAR IN MEXICO.—THE CITY OF SANTA ANNA. (See page 327.)



REST IN AUTUMN. (From a Painting.) (See page 327.)

SCHLESWIG.—SPEECH OF GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL.

GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL, the Governor of Schleswig, met the officials of the town and district of Hadersleben, at the Town Hall, and addressed them in the following speech:—

"I am glad, gentlemen, to see you here. I should have wished to meet you earlier, immediately after I had addressed the officials in Flensburg; but it was impossible for me to do so, owing to press of business. I was the more desirous of meeting you in order that I may repeat in the north the explanations of my proclamation, by which I showed at Flensburg that I, too, had both feeling and affection for this country, in which German and Danish elements live intermingled and side by side. I add to these the request that you also will act in accordance with those declarations, that peace may prevail in the land, and an end be put to national jealousies. Here in the north there has been a good deal of hesitation between being German or Danish, and many think that every momentary superiority must be made use of to oppress their opponent. But, gentlemen, is that possible? Is that notion German? No; the stronger we are, the more secure we feel ourselves; the milder ought we to be, the more courage, the more generously ought we to display; that is a German principle.

"I remind the Danish nationality that Schleswig-Holstein is the fatherland common to the German nationality and to itself. We have peoples of the most various descent living side by side in Prussia, but knowing no jealousy—love of country unites all. Do you in like manner concentrate your whole strength in the idea of your common fatherland, Schleswig-Holstein, in which you are all born and bred, for there is now no help for it. Schleswig-Holstein has become a country of itself.

"I must allude to a second point, the cession of territory question, which is now much made use of for agitation. In Eckenforde (and there are agitators everywhere) disturbances have been made up in pretext of rights and hereditary claims, and the interests of the country, which can only prosper by civil order, have been endangered. I have made a severe example in that town. I was loath to do it, but my King has ordered me to direct my chief attention towards the interests of the country, and disturbances injure them. Lives threatened by party passion must be secured by severity towards a few. I warn you here in the north against all sorts of demonstrations which might possibly be interpreted in a Danish sense, for I will not allow them. King Christian IX. has transferred his rights to the Duchies to the Emperor of Austria and my most gracious Sovereign, and that is the only basis upon which legal order can be erected in this country. Whoever acts against this basis will have to account to me.

"Prospects are now being held out in many quarters of a new, a third Danish war. Denmark and Sweden are to form an alliance, and England and France will support Denmark. Say to all who tell you these things that they are not true, and that they should not believe them; they are nothing but agitation, through which



GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL, GOVERNOR OF SCHLESWIG.

the quiet and happiness of the land are postponed. Further, we are not afraid of war; the soldier wishes for it; war is our trade. We are fortifying Duppel and Alsen, and it would be no easy task for an enemy to drive us out. Holstein is held by our valiant ally, and the famous leader there understands his business. Our still young, but eager, fleet has cast anchor in Kiel Bay, and circumstances are everywhere changed to our advantage. You have nothing to fear; you may rest securely beneath the wings of the Prussian eagle. I go to-morrow to the Konigsen to look out for myself my seven feet of ground.

"Do not be led astray by the agitation of the newspapers. Look

At length, in January, 1862, Manteuffel was placed at the head of the Administration, as President of the Council. Since that period his name has been intimately associated with the Manteuffel policy of the Court of Berlin. He is now, as before stated, the Governor of Schleswig.

It appears that those who have suffered most from the cholera in Paris are the chiffonniers, or ragmen, and the street sweepers. On the former class it has fallen so heavily that there is some intention of suppressing the trade altogether.

Literature.

THE BLIND DUEL.
CHAPTER I.

In one of the departments of France remote from Paris, the diligence set down a passenger, an artist, a short distance from Belleville, a town to which he was travelling.

Michael Darlington, an architect from Paris, and the passenger in question, paused for a moment, to admire and sketch the mills at Leyseau. They belonged to a fair proprietress, Jacqueline Duseaux, a young girl in her nineteenth year, who was bullied and beset by a villain named Louspillac. Louspillac was determined whether the fair girl wished it or no, that he would be her husband and control her property.

Two years before the time of our story commences, he had killed in a duel her lover and cousin, Louis Firman, and by a systematic course of intimidations had kept her estranged from her best friends.

Darlington, on his arrival at Belleville, was astonished to find the inhabitants of the place grovelling under the terror which two ruffians had established. Those two ruffians were Louspillac, considered a dead shot, and his companion, Beaurand. A short time spent in the town informed Darlington of Louspillac's aims and violent conduct.

Determined to put an end to this cowardly intimidation of peaceful people, as well as to avenge the fate of Louis Firman, he entered the Hotel Militaire at an hour which he had learned was best suited for his purpose, and seated himself at a particular table, and ordered a cutlet and coffee.

The attending waiter wished John to take another seat. This he deprecatingly refused to do.

"It is the place always occupied by Messrs. Louspillac and Beaurand," insisted the waiter, but to no purpose.

The lookers on seemed evidently to think that something unusual was about to take place, and they were not long in suspense.

With the air of men expecting all the world to do them homage, Louspillac and Beaurand entered the room. One glance at the table they usually monopolized informed them it was occupied. Another sufficed to convey who the occupant was.

Sending mute with astonishment, they gazed on Darlington.

"It is that plaid erer from Paris," whispered Beaurand.

"Waiter, how is this?" exclaimed Louspillac, in a loud voice; "you have allowed our place to be taken."

"I could not help it, sir," said the waiter. "I informed the gentleman, and he would keep it."

"Ah! he would, would he?" cried Louspillac, advancing towards Darlington. "The waiter has informed you, sir, you have taken our table."

"It is possible you may so regard it, but I have yet to learn that they dispose of places at a cafe as at a theatre. Waiter, the cutlet!" And Darlington coolly resumed his reading the journal.

Louspillac drew Beaurand aside.

"Let us be cool," said he; "this fellow must be attended to. Sit down and leave him to me. I'll give him a lesson that he'll not forget in a hurry."

The two bullies sat down, chafing under the humiliation of being repulsed with such cool assurance. Louspillac immediately began to twirl and twist a napkin he had taken up.

"Waiter," he cried, "the journal!"

"The gentleman has it," said the waiter.

"Demand it from him, then, you fool!"

The waiter, approaching Darlington, said, "A gentleman wishes to have the journal you are reading, sir."

"After I have done with it, certainly," replied Darlington.

Louspillac bounced up, and striding over to Darlington, said, "Sir, you seem to be amused with the journal."

"Yes; I am reading a very amusing story."

"Not more amusing than monsieur is himself. Have you finished?"

"Not yet; besides, the journal is bespoken."

"Yes, for me. I want it."

"Well, you can wait; I have not yet done with it."

"I am sorry, but you see I cannot do so," said Louspillac.

Quickly raising the napkin he had knotted, he attempted to strike Darlington in the face. Anticipating the movement, Darlington caught it as it descended, dragged it out of the ruffian's hands, and threw it on the floor.

They then for some moments stood looking at each other, without saying a word, amid the great excitement of the bystanders.

"You have insulted me, sir," said Darlington.

"Ah, you understand that, do you?"

"Distinctly; and also my right to the choice of arms and combat."

"Ah, you seek an advantage, I see."

"I seek no advantage. I would only equalize the chances."

"I am at your service. Arrange the affair as it suits yourself. M. Beaurand will act for me. Dictate your conditions, I sign them in advance. We will fight at five paces if you wish, or with one pistol, loaded and draw for it, or in a dark room, with long knives. Make your bed as you like; our duel is to the death, and you must die. The chance is all the same to me with which I eat you. Only do not keep me waiting too long; the undertaker may get uneasy. Come, Beaurand, let us see if our champion from Paris will honour us with an invitation to his funeral. Ha! ha! ha!"

With a musing bow, Louspillac retired with Beaurand. Darlington quickly seated himself as they left the room, and resumed the reading of the journal.

CHAPTER II.

DARLINGTON left the Hotel Militaire and proceeded to the Mills at Leyseau, that he might find Jacques Grammont, the miller. Jacques

was much pleased to be visited by Darlington, and was profuse in his wishes to serve him.

"My good friend," said Darlington, "you are truly hospitable, but I have come to ask from you a great service. I have had some dealings with M. Louspillac. He attempted to strike me in the face yesterday at the Hotel Militaire. He did this to provoke me to fight him. Now I want your assistance, as I do intend to fight him."

"Certainly I would like nothing better than to get at him. But then you know Mademoiselle Jacqueline—"

"Oh, I will keep you safe from harm with her. I intend to fight him myself, and wish you to be my second."

"What! fight a duel with him? You are too polite with a mad dog, my dear sir."

"No; we must be quite polite, and conquer this bully, if at all, with his own weapons," replied Darlington. "Let me have pen, ink, and paper."

Jacques supplied these articles. Darlington then told him to get ready to take the written message he would write to M. Beaurand, at Belleville. While Darlington was employed in writing, Jacques put on his holiday suit, and waited for the commands with which he was entrusted, truly proud of his position as ambassador on such an important occasion.

Darlington then gave him his instructions.

"You will go to the house of M. Beaurand. You will hand to him one of those writings, and require from him that it be read and understood by M. Louspillac. They are the conditions of my duel. If he makes any objection you will declare in my name my right to dictate the terms of the combat. If he accepts, you will require from M. Louspillac to sign, with his second M. Beaurand, the two papers. You will sign after them. The papers are copies of each other; leave one and keep the other. I give to them the choice of the hour, which you will get them to name, for this afternoon or to-morrow morning, as pleases them best."

Jacques proceeded on his mission with a proud heart, cherishing a secret determination to have Louspillac sign the papers, accepting the terms of the duel, or he would break every bone in his body. He felt too well convinced of the success of Darlington to feel any apprehension on his account.

When he arrived at the house of M. Beaurand in Belleville, he made known his purpose by requiring Beaurand and Louspillac to read the papers and inform him of their intention to sign, or refuse to sign them.

Louspillac read the conditions of the duel proposed by Darlington as follows:—

"Michael Darlington, gravely and publicly insulted by M. Louspillac, proposes, and the two seconds undersigned accept, the conditions of a combat as follows:—

"The arms shall be pistols, and the place the mill of Jacques Grammont.

"The adversaries shall be placed back to back, with eyes bandaged, and pistol in hand loaded with two balls and a point close to the base of the bill.

"After the signal has been given, the parties are at liberty to go forward or stand still, but not to go backward a single step. Whether they advance or stand still, each is required not to depart from the circle of the mill."

"The combatants are permitted to fire at any moment after the signal has been given. When one party has fired his pistols, and only then, is he permitted to withdraw his bandage; but he is prohibited from moving from the spot where he stands, until his adversary shall have fired."

M. Darlington accepts for the combat the pistols of M. Louspille.

"All that is not forbidden by the present conditions is to be considered as permitted."

The two friends went over the terms of this singularly-arranged duel several times, but not being able to find any substantial fault with them, signed the papers, and Jacques departed much gratified with the result of his mission. The hour fixed for the rencontre was five o'clock that afternoon.

"What do you think of our duel, *a la blind men's buff*?" asked Louspille of Beaurand, after Jacques had departed.

"I do not like it at all," said Beaurand; "it is an unheard-of proceeding; besides, I think it contains some snare."

"Bah! no, the fool thinks himself very clever. He thinks he can equalize the chances and destroy my resources. Imbecile, he may cover my eyes, but he leaves free what I can use to the best advantage."

"What is that?"

"My ears. I have the hearing of a lizard, of a hare, of a Carib. He will not make a step, a motion, that I will not plainly understand."

"But he may have an ear as fine as your own."

"I will give him little chance of using it, then, by putting on felt slippers. All that is not forbidden is permitted. I will manage to have him fire first, then I will put two balls in his stomach. Only take care to place me with my right shoulder to the wall; I shall then have my pistol-hand near his heart."

CHAPTER III.

DARLINGTON had but time to close certain letters to friends, in the event of the duel being fatal to him, when the appointed time had elapsed, and Louspille and Beaurand made their appearance.

But little time was lost in preparations. Louspille produced his pistols. They were loaded by the seconds.

Beaurand produced a silk bandanna, and Jacques a large bandage of cotton material to blindfold the combatants. The terms of the duel were distinctly read over by Jacques and Beaurand, and each step of the affair taken in accordance therewith.

"If in this duel in the dark we miss each other on the circle of the mill," remarked Louspille, "do we begin again? you say nothing about it in the conditions."

"That I understand, without saying it."

"Very well, then, I am ready."

At this point Louspille coolly proceeded to take off his boots, and put on his felt slippers. Jacques declared this should not be allowed. Beaurand pointed to the written conditions, saying,

"All that is not forbidden is considered permitted."

"That is right—quite right," said Darlington. "We can make no objection, it has not been forbidden. Come, bandage our eyes, and put us in our places."

Beaurand blindfolded the eyes of Darlington with the folds of the large handkerchief he had provided, while Jacques did the same thing effectually for Louspille. Beaurand conducted Darlington, and placed him so that Louspille could have the privilege of using his pistol-hand, as he desired. Jacques having stationed Louspille, the combatants stood back to back.

Beaurand having won the giving of the word, then gave it.

"One, two, three, fire!" and the struggle commenced.

Louspille moved forward slowly and cautiously, following the term of the mill. Darlington did not move at all, but applied himself to listen to the slightest indication that would inform him of the moment when his adversary, having made the circuit, and emerging on his side of the mill, they would inevitably meet.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. The ears of the combatants were on the alert to catch the slightest sound by which they could win an advantage. The felt slippers of Louspille permitted him to move over the ground without producing the least sound. It was the knowledge of this advantage of Louspille's that kept Darlington immovable, as the creaking of his boots would betray him.

Louspille had come to within a few feet of Darlington. He felt certain he must be approaching Darlington, and he moved forward with the greatest caution. All his powers were exerted, every nerve on the stretch to gain, if only by a breath of wind, some knowledge of his antagonist's position.

It was at this moment that the ear of Darlington caught the sound of the touching of Louspille's coat against the wall of the mill. As he heard the sound, he dropped slowly on one knee, with his head inclined and pistol projected.

Beaurand, who saw and comprehended the effect of this movement, made a convulsive start, as if about to caution Louspille of his danger; but Jacques seizing hold of him with his powerful arm, said nothing, but pointed to the clause in the paper,

"All that is not forbidden is considered permitted." Beaurand remained quiet.

Louspille caught the sound of the movement of Darlington as he went down on his knee. The sound was but at an arm's length from him. Convinced that his pistol covered the spot from whence the sound had come, he drew trigger and fired.

The ball passed harmlessly over Darlington's head. Louspille immediately removed his bandage to find the pistol of Darlington grazing his body. With a convulsive movement he tore off Darlington's bandage, as if a subtle intelligence taught him that he stood a bet or chance with Darlington when he was fully conscious he was deliberately to blow out his brains.

Seeing Darlington on his knees, he exclaimed, "That was not permitted."

"Yes it was, for it was not forbidden. Do not stir," said Darlington, rising; "go down on your knees—your life belongs to me."

Louspille, pale and trembling, obeyed the request.

"Do not kill him!" cried Beaurand, in the most piteous manner.

"Why not?" exclaimed Darlington; "he has fully forfeited his life. The blood of Jules Firman calls for vengeance. His persecution of Jacqueline Duseaux must be avenged. He has been a tyrant and a bully too long."

"Oh, do not kill me!" cried the cowering wretch, when thus in the presence of death.

"If I do not kill you, will you obey the conditions which alone will save your life?"

"Yes, yes; most willingly!"

"Quit this country, never to return to it, and never—far or near—never, by word or deed, molest Jacqueline Duseaux."

"Never, never!" I promise, I swear, while I live!"

"Go, then, and live, man of blood and brutality! If the lesson you have received to-day is not sufficient to tame your ferocity, recollect that heaven, sooner or later, will crush you as it has crushed you now."

Louspille retired from the spot, followed by Beaurand, the crestfallen and humiliated victims of their well-merited punishment, leaving the town of Belleville thereafter to uninterrupted peace, and Darlington and the fair girl he defended to marriage and happiness.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN COVENT-GARDEN MARKET, THROUGH JEALOUSY.

JAMES MURPHY, aged 29, a salesman in Covent-garden Market, was, on Monday, brought before Mr. Flowers, at Bow-street, charged with garrotting and robbing Mr. S. Walter Cox, on the evening of the 14th of October last. The only witness was Mr. Cox, who said: On the 14th of October I left Derby on my way home about eight o'clock in the evening. I was on foot. On leaving Derby I had £30 in one pocket—five £5 notes, four sovereigns, and two half-sovereigns. I had in the other pocket 3s. 3d., some keys, a penknife, and a silver watch, which was attached to a watchpocket by a piece of black ribbon. I had four papers and other letters in my side coat pocket. I proceeded in my walk home on the Nottingham turnpike-road towards Spondon. I turned in at the toll-bar to pay my toll. I pay weekly. I heard footsteps coming behind me, but I did not know who the persons were. I then went to the top of Cherry Tree-lane, in the parish of Chadde-den, and on getting to the top of the hill, about forty or fifty yards from Sir H. Wilmot's plantation, I again heard footsteps, and saw two men approaching me. They did not come up together, but one after the other. About the middle of the footway the prisoner Clarke passed me, and about a yard before the other man. He looked slightly at me, but passed on. When I got opposite the other man (Callaghan), I suspected mischief, and looked at him particularly, and he looked at me. He looked over my shoulders just as Clarke seized my left shoulder. He (Callaghan) swung me round with his right arm, and caught me round the throat. I called out twice to a cabman who had just passed me 200 or 300 yards, but he did not stop. I tried to do so a third time, but was unable, as I was suffering from the effects of the arm of Callaghan being round my throat, and nearly suffocated. Callaghan then swung me round to the other man, who immediately commenced punching me with his fists in various parts of my body, particularly about the ribs. I could see the faces of the men from the light of the Chadde-den sidings of the Midland Railway. Clarke continued striking me, and Callaghan throttling me, until I was perfectly insensible. In about ten minutes after this I became conscious, in consequence of a man knocking me on the foot and asking me what I did there. I roused up, and fancied I had been dreaming. I found myself on my back, and I raised myself in a sitting position. I afterwards felt in my pockets and found all the articles above described had been taken from me. The man who aroused me is, I believe, named Nadin, of Borrowash. This morning I was shown eight men standing together, and I immediately discovered and selected the prisoners as the robbers. Clarke was one, but he was wearing a fresh coat. Callaghan is wearing the same coat he had on on the night in question. It is my firm opinion that the prisoners are the men. The prisoners were then remanded.

The prisoner appeared somewhat depressed, but perfectly cool and collected. Mr. Abrams defended.

Sarah White: I live with my uncle at the Red Lion Tavern, at the corner of Russell-street, Covent-garden. I am a single woman. The young woman and I went on together to visit her uncle at Regent's-park. The young woman's name was Mary Anne Jennings, and she was a barmaid. When we got back, at about twenty minutes to eleven o'clock, we met James Murphy by the Red Lion Hotel. He called her all manner of names, put his arm round her neck, and said, "You shall go with me." She said, "I shall not." He said, "You shall," and pulled a knife from his waistcoat pocket. I think it was a white-handled knife, similar to that produced. He opened it. She then said she would go with him if he would let her go indoors first. When he took out the knife he said, "If you don't go with me I will cut my throat." He caught hold of her and dragged her down the Bedford Hotel to the corner of the Piazza. He pulled out the knife twice. The second time was when she asked him to let her go in first. I ran into the house. I did not look back.

By Mr. Abrams: He did not seem much excited. He did not seem to be put out much. When he pulled out the knife the second time he was more excited. I have known him three weeks. I believe they had kept company about three years. When he said he would cut his own throat he did not appear very excited. I have had many conversations with the young woman about him. She has always expressed to me that he has behaved with kindness and feeling towards her.

William Winalade, barman at the Old Red Lion: About twenty minutes to eleven last night Miss White ran in and told me that Murphy was pulling Miss Jennings about in a most disgusting manner. I ran out and saw him struggling with her under the pillars of the market. I saw him with a razor in his right hand sawing at her throat in this manner (making a gesture). I struck his arm, and he dropped the razor. I said, "Oh, Murphy, what have you done?" They were both on the ground, and he had his left arm under her neck. He jumped up, and, looking me in the face, swore most frightfully. I picked up the razor, and brought it to the station, where I gave it to the sergeant. I was first on the spot. The policeman came up about a minute and a half after me.

Cross-examined by Mr. Abrams: I have known him about eight months. When he jumped up I did not say a word to him. He seemed quite cool. If he was excited I did not see it. I said to Miss Jennings, "What is the matter?" She said, "Oh, Wallace!" Mr. Loader was just behind when Murphy swore; but I cannot say whether he heard him or not. Mr. Loader might have been fourteen yards behind. The prisoner spoke with great violence.

Police-constable Rogers, 89 F: About half-past ten o'clock last night I was on duty in plain clothes beneath the Piazza, Covent-garden Market, and saw the prisoner standing with the witness White and another female against the Bedford Hotel. I saw the prisoner take Miss Jennings by the arm. They appeared to be struggling together. As they were passing me I heard the young woman say, "I will strike you." The prisoner said, "No, you won't—no, you won't," and at the same time kept pulling her along. As they were crossing the road to the market I saw Mr. Loader and the barman leaving the house, and following them. I heard the barman say, "Come along!" and they ran into the market. When they got there Miss Jennings and the prisoner were on the ground. I saw the barman trying to get him off her. I caught him by the nape of the neck, and dragged him off her. As I did so I saw a razor lying at his feet beside a pool of blood. The barman picked it up and gave it to Sergeant Rogers. I have been on duty there for about a month. The prisoner used to go to the house every night; but for the last ten days I have seen him waiting about outside, and have sometimes asked him what he was waiting for.

Sergeant Rogers, F 17: I was on duty at about half-past ten o'clock last night in the market, near Tavistock-court, when I heard a scream, and a cry of "Police" in the market. I went to the spot, and found Jennings there. She was bleeding, and there was a pool of blood at her feet. A gentleman said, "That is him." I turned to the prisoner, and took him by the collar. A man said, "He has cut her throat." He could hear that. Police-constable Rogers, 89 F, had him by the collar. I told Rogers and another constable, 105 F, to get a cab, and take her to the hospital. I took the prisoner to the station. He said, "She has led me a curious life, and now I have marked her." I then went to the hospital, and saw Mr. Travers. The prisoner was not at all excited. He appeared rather pale—that was all. Until he got to the station-house he never uttered a word.

Mr. William Travers, resident medical officer at the Charing-cross Hospital: I saw the young woman a little before eleven o'clock last night, and admitted her to the hospital. She had an incised wound on the left side of the face, which extended from behind the ear, dividing the lobe, and extending across the cheek. One or two arteries were divided. She had also an incised wound on the back of the left hand, which was not very severe. There was and had been considerable hemorrhage. The wound was bandaged, and is going on well. Unless erysipelas should set in the wound is not dangerous.

Mr. Flowers inquired whether from the place where the wound was, it might not have been more serious.

Mr. Travers replied that it might. The wound was such as might have been produced by such an instrument as the razor produced. The wound was clean cut.

Mr. Flowers pointed out that the edge of the razor was considerably notched.

Mr. Travers, having examined the razor, said it was an instrument quite capable of producing the wound. He did not think that Miss Jennings would be well enough to attend this week. She might if she went on as favourably as she was now doing; but even then it might do her mischief.

Mr. Abrams: Do you consider her out of danger?

Mr. Travers: I do not consider her in danger at present.

Mr. Abrams said that after hearing the medical evidence, from which it appeared that the case assumed a less alarming aspect than might at first have been anticipated, he should feel it to be his duty to ask for the admission of the prisoner to bail. Respectable sureties would be found, and the prisoner was well known in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Flowers did not think it right to make observations; but he would call attention to the question he had put to Mr. Travers—a question which he considered very important in reference to intent. He did not think he could, consistently with his duty, admit the prisoner to bail.

The prisoner was then remanded.

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GAROTTE ROBBERY NEAR DERBY.

On Monday William Callaghan and George Clarke were brought up at the County Police-court, Derby, before Dr. Pease, Mr. W. T. Cox, M.P., Dr. Haygate, Mr. O. E. Newton, and Mr. L. E. Maun, charged with garrotting and robbing Mr. S. Walter Cox, on the evening of the 14th of October last. The only witness was Mr. Cox, who said: On the 14th of October I left Derby on my way home about eight o'clock in the evening. I was on foot. On leaving Derby I had £30 in one pocket—five £5 notes, four sovereigns, and two half-sovereigns. I had in the other pocket 3s. 3d., some keys, a penknife, and a silver watch, which was attached to a watchpocket by a piece of black ribbon. I had four papers and other letters in my side coat pocket. I proceeded in my walk home on the Nottingham turnpike-road towards Spondon. I turned in at the toll-bar to pay my toll. I pay weekly. I heard footsteps coming behind me, but I did not know who the persons were. I then went to the top of Cherry Tree-lane, in the parish of Chadde-den, and on getting to the top of the hill, about forty or fifty yards from Sir H. Wilmot's plantation, I again heard footsteps, and saw two men approaching me. They did not come up together, but one after the other. About the middle of the footway the prisoner Clarke passed me, and about a yard before the other man. He looked slightly at me, but passed on. When I got opposite the other man (Callaghan), I suspected mischief, and looked at him particularly, and he looked at me. He looked over my shoulders just as Clarke seized my left shoulder. He (Callaghan) swung me round with his right arm, and caught me round the throat. I called out twice to a cabman who had just passed me 200 or 300 yards, but he did not stop. I tried to do so a third time, but was unable, as I was suffering from the effects of the arm of Callaghan being round my throat, and nearly suffocated. Callaghan then swung me round to the other man, who immediately commenced punching me with his fists in various parts of my body, particularly about the ribs. I could see the faces of the men from the light of the Chadde-den sidings of the Midland Railway. Clarke continued striking me, and Callaghan throttling me, until I was perfectly insensible. In about ten minutes after this I became conscious, in consequence of a man knocking me on the foot and asking me what I did there. I roused up, and fancied I had been dreaming. I found myself on my back, and I raised myself in a sitting position. I afterwards felt in my pockets and found all the articles above described had been taken from me. The man who aroused me is, I believe, named Nadin, of Borrowash. This morning I was shown eight men standing together, and I immediately discovered and selected the prisoners as the robbers. Clarke was one, but he was wearing a fresh coat. Callaghan is wearing the same coat he had on on the night in question. It is my firm opinion that the prisoners are the men. The prisoners were then remanded.

A ROBBERY FROM SUDDEN IMPULSE.

A YOUTH named Henry Ennis, eighteen years of age, was tried at Hull for robbery. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty." The charge was that of having stolen £160 in money and an order for the payment of £57, the property of Messrs. Walker and Smith, seed-crushers. On the 19th of May the prisoner was sent by the cashier to Messrs. Pease, Hoare, and Pease's bank to obtain cash for a cheque of £57, and notes to the value of £160. The prisoner, after obtaining the money, absconded, and until the 6th of August was not again heard of. On the evening of that day he went to the police-station in Parliament-street, and stated to Inspector Hill, who was on duty, that he was the young man who had some time before absconded with £217 from Messrs. Walker and Smith's. He also stated that he had been in America, but that he "could not stand it any longer." He also stated that whilst in New York he was robbed of the money which he had previously stolen. The Recorder questioned the prisoner as to the motives which had induced him to take the money, and also as to the position which he had held in the prosecutors' office. Ennis stated, in reply, that he had been in Messrs. Walker and Smith's employ about three months; that he had received a written character from Messrs. Bailey and Leatham, shipowners, in whose employ he had been. In reply to the Recorder's question, "What led you to do this?" the prisoner replied, "I don't know; it was the impulse of a moment; I did not know when I went out of the office that I was going away." The prisoner denied that his offence was the result of evil habits, but stated that he had some words with his employers about having made a mistake in the books. He was rightly blamed. He was on trial, and had received no wages, the terms of his service not having been fixed. He was junior clerk, and thought he might have received £40 a year. He had not been going into gay habits, nor visiting singing saloons. He went to Quebec in the steamer *Peruvian*, from Liverpool. On landing he made his way to New York, where he was robbed of nearly all his money by a fellow-passenger, with whom he had become acquainted whilst on the voyage. He took a first-class passage on board the *Peruvian*, for which he paid £15 10s. After staying five or six days at New York, he determined to return to Hull and give himself up. Accordingly he took passage to Liverpool. From thence he came on to Hull, and on his arrival he at once went to the station-house and gave himself up, without having seen his parents or having consulted any one. He had intended to get a situation, but he could not rest with the guilt of his past conduct upon his mind. The Recorder addressed a few words of warning to the prisoner, after which he sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for fourteen months.—*Hull Herald*

BIGOTRY AT THE GRAVE.—The Bishop of Lucon having learned that a Protestant child had been interred in the cemetery of Millezeis, La Vendee, France, forwarded a demand to the prefect to have the body exhumed and buried in the ground reserved for unbaptised children and persons who have committed suicide. A correspondence between the mayor and the prefect ensued, and was terminated by a decision of the latter, that the exhumation demanded by the diocesan should take place ex-officio. The desire of the Bishop of Lucon has consequently been fulfilled, as the body of the Protestant child was dug out, in spite of the protests of its friends and the manifestations of public opinion, and removed to the spot originally designated.

A TIVERTON PHOTOGRAPH AND AUTOGRAPH OF LORD PALMERSTON.—The last act of his lordship when in Tiverton for the last time was to sit for his photograph. An artist in the town, Mr. Cann, naturally thinking that a likeness of the noble lord, taken on the spot, would be acceptable to his many admirers and friends, communicated his wish to be honoured with a sitting to Mr. F. Hole, who made it known to his lordship, and received as answer a free and open "Yes, with pleasure, when shall we do it?" and appointed eleven the next morning for the sitting. Some little delay occurring next morning, the artist began to be uneasy, but his lordship's valet quickly reassured him by saying, "Don't be alarmed; he has promised you, and nothing will prevent him, but he never does more than one thing at a time." Almost immediately the following message came—"Tell Mr. Cann I'll be with him in a moment," and so he was. With his good-humoured shake of the hand and that kindly knock which made every one feel instantly at home with him, Lord Palmerston soon put his photographer at his ease, and on being asked if the head rest should be used, replied with a smile, "I am in your hands to do with me as you please." And when the favour of his autograph was requested, to complete the value of the photograph, it was just as readily conferred. He took the pen, and with a hand somewhat tremulous from advancing years, wrote the word "Palmerston," probable the last of his signatures in the town of Tiverton.—*Tiverton Gazette*.

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